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The Monthly Journal of the OVERSEAS CLUB & PATRIOTIC LEAGUE

Vol IV No 43 AUGUST, 1919

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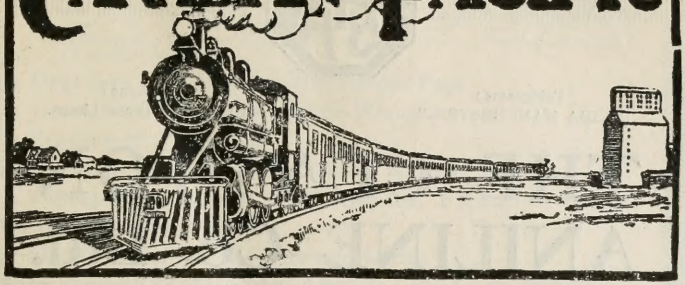

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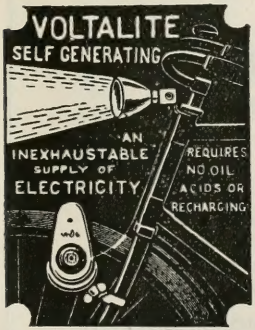

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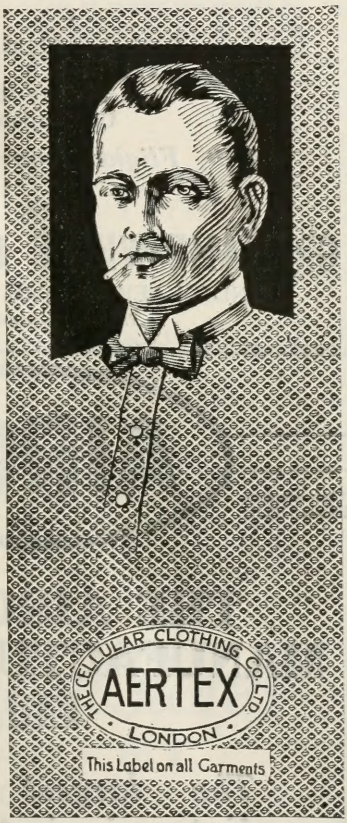

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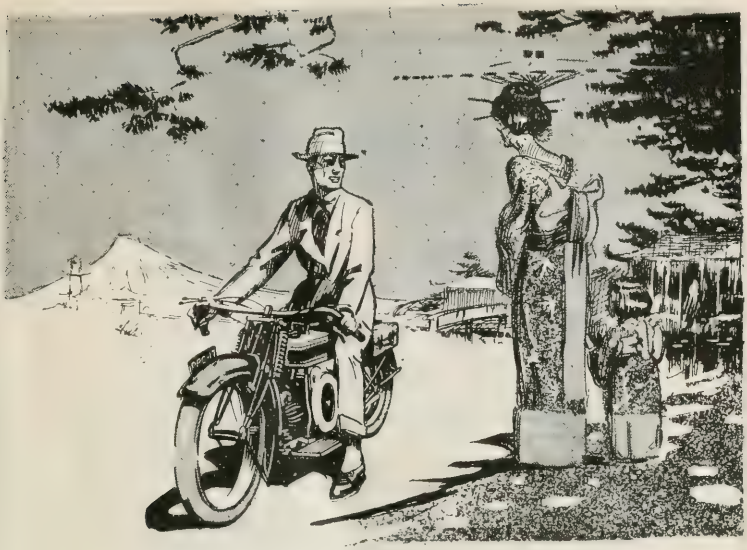

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OVERSEAS

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Founded and Conducted by
EVELYN · WRENCH

GENERAL · BUILDINGS · ALDWYCH · LONDON

Vol. IV. No. 43. August, 1919.

A Birthday Letter

By E. W.

A Birthday Letter.

INE YEARS OF COMRADESHIP.—By the time that many of the readers of "Overseas" receive this issue the Over-Seas Club will have celebrated its ninth birthday, for it was on August 27th, 1910, that the formation of our society was first announced in an article I wrote in the Overseas edition of the *Daily Mail*. The present would seem to be a very suitable moment, therefore, to take stock of our past progress and consider future hopes. In a day or two the official Peace day will be celebrated and we will enter upon a fresh chapter in the history of our movement. For the best part of nine years many of us have travelled along the winding road together. We started out in 1910 with great ambitions and a high purpose. In some things we have succeeded and in some things we have failed; but every day in these nine years has had its lesson, whether we have profited by it or no. Above all, we have felt the joy of corporate work and our hearts have responded to the call of mutual service. As for our vision of nine years ago, it remains with us, no longer a mere castle in the air, for the foundations have been well and truly laid. Yes, our vision is still with us, thank God, only we believe it has deepened as the years have passed. Nine years ago we were untried, but to-day, small though our accomplishments may be in comparison with our aims, we have much to be grateful for.

Our first four years, when we weathered the early storms which confront every young movement, were years of peace. Then came the war, and for those fifty-one long months we became largely a war organisation, though never forgetting that ours was primarily a peace-time movement, and that, however important our war duties and responsibilities, they were but an episode in our story. And now once again we believe we are entering upon years of peace. But although peace is proclaimed and the war is won, we have other battles to fight. Ours is now the task of winning the peace, of proving that we can be victorious in our victory, and I am not sure whether this is not a harder job than any we have had to face.

A Birthday Letter.

A BROTHERHOOD OF SERVICE.—Before considering some of the larger problems which face us at the present time, let us be quite sure of ourselves and what we stand for. Firstly, we Members of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League meet on the common platform of service. As a body we are drawn from all walks of life, we represent every religion and every political creed ; our membership includes men and women, young and old ; Liberal and Labour, Tory and Unionists, Socialist and Suffragist, they are all included in our ranks. But we have one great bond in common—we love our Empire, no matter to which part of it we may belong. We believe that, despite many shortcomings, the British Commonwealth of Nations does stand to-day before the world as the greatest political achievement of all ages, and that on the whole it does represent those things which we hold dear, as expressed in the words of our creed, " justice, freedom, order and good government."

Secondly, we believe in the depth of our beings that a great brotherhood and sisterhood of service drawn from every walk of life, consisting of citizens of the glorious Dominions and Dependencies and of people from the Old Land, has a great part to play in the immediate future. No one can set any limit to the influence we might exert in the councils of the Empire if we are but true to our vision. But such a dream as ours can only be realised provided we come clean-handed to the task. We must make no compromise with the forces of evil. Every day of our lives we must consecrate ourselves anew to the service of our fellows. Let us make up our minds that every problem which confronts us shall be approached from the " other fellow's " standpoint. In the welter of the perplexities in our civic and national life we are naturally bewildered. But if we would but ask ourselves the question " Is this line of action in the interests of the community as a whole ? " we need not worry very much whether we are labelled Conservative or Labour.

OUR PATRIOTISM MUST BE SPLENDID. — Our patriotism must be of the most splendid kind, there must be nothing small or mean about it. Just because we love our own country passionately it does not make us hate any people. Rather will we be so occupied in fighting the dragons in our own midst that we shall not have time to worry about other nations' shortcomings. In the war we all threw every ounce of energy in us into the cause of defeating Prussian militarism because we believed it was an evil thing and our cause has triumphed. If humanity is to be saved from the nightmare of another Armageddon it will only be by the creation of a new world-order. Those million odd words in the Peace Treaty, with all their seals and signatures, will mean nothing if there is not a change of heart, not only in Germany, but in all nations. The League of Nations, by which we set so much store, will be reduced to impotence if it is not backed by the moral force of an enlightened

A Birthday Letter.

public opinion. In the promulgating of sane news we members of the Over-Seas Club can play no ignoble part. Our patriotism is above question, but just because we are citizens of no mean city we realise that we have our obligations to humanity. We will be no party to doctrines of undying hatred to any people. Rather will we try and bring about a change of heart wherever it may be needed throughout the world.

HYPNOTISED BY FALSE VALUES.—Let us examine our own immediate surroundings and dwell on some of the services we can render to the community in which we live. Men and women, there is life-work enough for all of us within the ranks of our society. We must "mount up on wings like an eagle" and never lose heart. The one thing we need is "infinite desire." Many, many years must elapse before our new Commonwealth is created and we and our children, and our children's children, have much weary journeying ahead, but we can each one of us leave our footprint on the sands of time. If we genuinely believe that the existing system which envies, if it does not honour, the successful man who has spent his life in amassing great wealth is an evil one we can, each of us, help to find a substitute. We can all of us show that false values do not hypnotise us, that the idea of sacrificing the best years of our life in the attempt to amass a certain number of counters is a wretched one. We will have none of the theory that you must make money while you are young as money means power and you can do nothing without it. I know many men who, in the world's viewpoint, are badly off, but who exert a much greater influence on the scheme of things than many millionaires.

SPLENDID LONELY LIVES.—In a tour round the Empire before the War I think the career which impressed me the most of all those I came in contact with was that of a young man straight from Cambridge, who belonged to a Bush Brotherhood in Western Queensland and served his fellows in return for

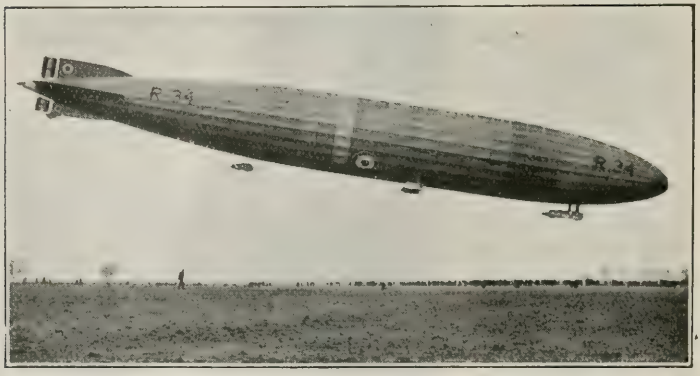
The Fanfare of Victory. Peace Heralds in the City summoning crowds to hear the King's Proclamation of Peace.

A Birthday Letter.

his food and the munificent sum of £25 per annum. Many of the biggest things in the world have been done by poor men without influence in their early days. We have all met men and women in the far places of the world, the overworked local doctor, the badly-paid teacher, the cheery sea-captain or chief engineer in the merchantman, the pioneer on his little farm, the missionary and his wife remote from their fellows, who one and all are much "bigger" men and women than many of the so-called great—to whom the words of Tennyson can be applied :—

> "To thy worst self, sacrifice thyself !
> For with thy worst self thou hast crowned thy god.
> Thy god is far diffused in noble groves,
> And princely wells, and farms, and flowing lawns,
> And heaps of living gold that daily grow,
> And title-scrolls and gorgeous heraldries—
> In such a shape dost thou behold thy god ! "

MONEY-GRUBBERS AND SELF-SEEKERS.—There is no short cut to the enlightened age when we shall honour none save those who deserve our gratitude for their services to their fellows. You and I can, however, help to create a public opinion which will look askance at the money-grubber and the self-seeker. It is not only in the imponderables that we can make our influence felt. We must set our face against tyranny of any kind. In our Commonwealth Bolshevists who are attempting to impose the claims of those they represent upon their fellows will be no more welcome than the unbridled individualist. We will go with Labour or any other section so long as it is genuinely striving for the good of all.



R 34, whose record flight from New York took 3 days, 3 hours and 3 minutes.

A Birthday Letter.

A NEW CONCEPT OF EDUCATION.—Our whole social life has to be re-organised, and we in the Old Country have problems which might cause despair to all but the stoutest-hearted. We must turn the 36 per cent. fit—and this is a conservative estimate—in our population into 96 per cent. fit. We must ensure a living wage to every man and woman in this land of ours. Every child must be given a fair chance from its birth. Our ideas must be revolutionised in matters of education. Every boy and girl must be taught the King's English so that no stigma attaches to it in after life owing to a blatant accent due to its early environment. Only the best and most carefully selected must be made teachers of the nation's youth, our greatest asset. Every advantage at present at the disposal of the rich, who can afford to send their sons to Eton and Oxford, must be possessed by all our people. This does not imply pulling down Eton or Oxford, but rather a great nation-wide levelling-up.

GARDEN-HOMES FOR ALL.—We must rebuild the houses in which our workers live, and this task, of necessity, implies the reconstruction of our towns. Our great seaports, which at present point with pride to their millions of export trade, must be judged according to the general well-being of their citizens. What is more terrible in our age than the squalor and dirt of many of our large cities? Surely Lord Leverhulme with his Port Sunlight, and the Cadburys with Bourneville, and other enlightened employers have shown us the way. There is no reason why all our great cities should not be garden-cities. If our grandparents had seen the vision we see there need have been no slums.

In the new world the problems are not always identical with those which confront us here at home. You start in many instances with a clean slate, and you can benefit by our mistakes. But we Members of the Over-Seas Club—both in the old and new worlds—will have our hands full for many long years if we concentrate our energy on building fairer cities for our people. No ugly hoardings, no smudged country, as a writer in the *New Statesman* calls it, but every house with its garden and its breathing space, no city without its minimum

Major C. H. Scott, Commander of R 34.

A Birthday Letter.

quota of open spaces, no unsightly buildings erected without reference to the feelings of the community.

POLITICIANS WHO BETRAY US.—In the British Empire we have a long list of urgent matters to deal with—but no country is without its quota of problems. Do not let us ignore the mote that is in our own eye in attempting to put some one else's house in order. In the Old Country we have our special problems of re-housing and overcrowding. In the newer lands you have other problems, none the less insistent in their demand for attention. Are we quite sure that our public life throughout the Empire is all that it should be? Stories of corruption—graft it is called in some places—meet us on many sides: politicians who after a few years in office amass great wealth; land speculations and the passing on of special information concerning Governmental plans to the favoured few. We must never make any compromise with our consciences in these matters. There are other kinds of slums we must blot out in our Commonwealth, slums of men with mean minds who are betraying our trust in them. Bag and baggage they must go.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.—Some of the problems we have to face are world-wide in their scope and no people can escape them. The great wave of labour unrest is with us all to a greater or lesser extent. No flippant criticism of Labour's aspirations will serve any useful purpose. Of one thing we can be certain, the workers are never again going to return to pre-war conditions, and honestly, if we are true to our theories, can we expect it of them? The worker is like a Rip Van Winkle awakening out of his slumber and stretching his limbs, and in doing so he is causing many of us inconvenience. But I am not sure that the discontent which is afoot is an evil thing. As I have mentioned in previous letters, the Labour problem is not merely a question of wages; above all it is a matter of status, of demanding a life of lights as well as shades. And who, with any personal knowledge of conditions in our great industrial centres before the War, can pretend that what we were content to term the "working classes"—men, women and children—had many of the lights? I call to mind a visit to ——, in Lancashire, ten years ago. It was the lunch hour and the whistle had just gone, and I watched some 14,000 or 15,000 workpeople pour forth from the great factory of Messrs. ——. The works manager stood beside me and we watched this drab, dark human sea flow out into the dirty streets of the town. What did life offer these people?—forty years in the factory in those drab surroundings, and at the end of it no possibility of saving enough, except in special cases, to live in comfort; and for recreation, possibly ten days in the year at Blackpool at their own expense, with Saturday afternoon attendance at a football match during the winter. In the past one of the causes of the great

A Birthday Letter.

emigration from the Old Country has been the better prospects and improved status offered oversea. But the workers are taking things into their own hands, and they are determined that they will never return to the old days and that every man and woman of them is just as entitled as you and I are to some of the amenities of life.

While we have the deepest sympathy with the workers in their legitimate aspirations, there is a spirit of rebelliousness abroad, not without its dangers, which we deplore. There are strikes and rumours of strikes on all sides, some justified, others entirely unwarranted, and we must beware of this contempt for authority. Each one of us must learn the lessons of obedience to some outside power, and what is more inspiring than self-imposed obedience of free men and free women for the common weal? The spirit of Brother Lawrence, who set about his menial tasks in the kitchen with joy in his heart and a smile upon his face—his is the freedom we aspire to.

PAX HIBERNICA.—And what about one or two of the chief problems which are our own immediate concern in the Empire? Surely first of all there is Ireland. The settling of the Irish question on a just basis is no less important to us as a people than the winning of the War. If we are true to our principles as the upholders of small nations we must give Ireland a generous form of Dominion Home Rule within the British Commonwealth. Let us firmly declare to the extreme Sinn Feiners that an Irish Republic, entirely cut off from the Empire, is unthinkable, but while safeguarding Imperial interests we are prepared to give Ireland complete control of its own affairs. Lord Northcliffe and *The Times* deserve the thanks of all of us for the part they are playing in demanding an immediate and just settlement of the Irish question.

INDIA AND EGYPT.—Further afield and equally important are our relationships with India and Egypt. Are we going to be big in our

Captain Fryatt, whose body was brought home to rest on July 8th. He was buried with every honour at Dovercourt, after a service at St. Paul's.

A Birthday Letter.

time of triumph, or are we about to follow the advice of the reactionaries, who counsel "firm government and repression?" If our Empire demonstrates anything, it demonstrates that freedom is the only basis on which to build a lasting structure. Sooner or later, just as soon as the Indian and Egyptian people are fitted for the task of self-government, we must give India and Egypt full control of their own affairs within our Commonwealth of free nations. The British Government definitely proclaimed its goal in India on August 20th, 1917, as responsible government within the Empire. We cannot go back on that pledge. It is a glorious privilege to have been entrusted with the sponsorship of one-fifth of the human race. What a sublime achievement to have led the backward peoples of India and Egypt along the difficult road of self-government. Ever at hand to help them when they fail, but always considering every action from the standpoint—"Is it in India's or Egypt's interest?" Even from considerations of self-interest it would be worth our while to be entirely disinterested in our Eastern policy. What a tribute to the Empire in the future if the people of India—consisting as they do of many races and creeds—when they have reached the full status of a self-governing Dominion, are able to point to the help they received from the British during the difficult years of national childhood. Thoughts such as these do not imply that the British should pack up and leave India and Egypt to their own devices; far from it. But they do imply that there should be only one criterion for our conduct—the interests of the inhabitants.

PERSONAL REFLECTIONS.—While our purview must be a wide one, for we of the Over-Seas Club are a world-wide family and there is not a problem affecting the welfare of humanity which does not touch some of us, this is a birthday letter, and as such it would not be complete without a few words concerning our own immediate concerns. As we think of all the difficulties we have to face we might indeed be excused if we were to lose heart and decide to leave the unravelling of the tangle to others. We have all, I suppose, lost heart at times. We have longed for a clear faith which beckons us along a well-defined path. The "dark night of the soul" assails us, each one of us, at some time or other, and then it is we have need of every particle of inspiration in us if we are to press on without faltering. We are apt to feel discouraged at the smallness of the result of our labours. Is it really worth while, and why should we not chuck up the sponge? And yet we cannot desist in our self-appointed task; something propels us forward, and before we realise it voices are calling to us and the moments of inspiration are back with us, and once more we are feeling the joyousness of service, and we are convinced that our job of work is ours, our own, and cannot be performed by any one else.

OVERSEAS

A Birthday Letter.

PRESSING FORWARD.—With renewed vigour we turn to those kind friends overseas who have come with us so far, and with absolute confidence we ask them to celebrate the coming of peace by redoubled efforts. What a fair future our dear Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League can have if we but press forward and are true to our vision. What a small thing it seems, in comparison, to give willing service, to enrol new Members whenever opportunity occurs ; to aim for 100,000 really active Members; to take our part in making our society a great army of men and women pledged to Empire service. We will not be afraid of showing our colours ; we will point with pride to our badge in the lapel of our coat or on our watch-chain : O.S.—others' service, the willing service to our fellows.

And our little " Overseas," which has such a warm spot in our hearts. We can each one of us help to make it better. We can contribute to its pages, and we can assist in carrying its message of inspiration and good cheer into every home in our neighbourhood. " Overseas " belongs equally to you and me ; it is not produced to make dividends ; its purpose is as wide as the Empire, and its one desire is to serve.

THE NEXT NINE YEARS.—As we look forward to our work together during these next nine years we look across the plain to the promised land, and as we set out on our journey we can one and all join in the words of the prayer for our country :—

" Behold our strivings after a truer and more abiding order. Give us visions which bring back a lost glory to the earth, and dreams which foreshadow a better order. Scatter every excuse of frailty and unworthiness ; consecrate us all with a heavenly mission ; open to us a clearer prospect of our work ; give us strength according to our day gladly to welcome and gratefully to fulfil it." Amen. E. W.

By courtesy of the " Ladies' Field."] [*Bassano, Ltd.*

Newnham College Boating Crew, who beat the crew of the London School of Medicine in a recent race. The women undergraduates are enthusiastic scullers.

THE OVER-SEAS CLUB AND PATRIOTIC LEAGUE.

(Patron : His Majesty The King.)

THE Over - Seas Club and Patriotic League is a non-party society of British subjects residing in all parts of the world. Its underlying motive is to promote the unity of British subjects. Its four chief objects are :

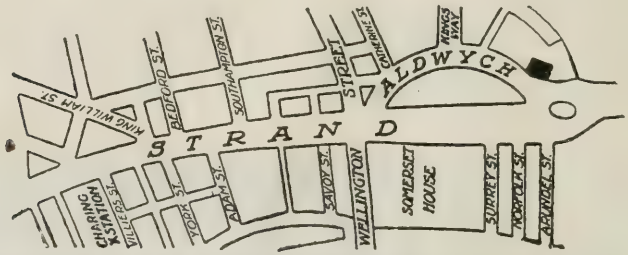
1. To draw together in the bond of comradeship British people the world over.
2. To render individual service to our Empire.
3. To maintain our Empire's supremacy upon the seas and in the air.
4. To help one another.

MEMBERS' CREED.

BELIEVING the British Empire to stand for justice, freedom, order and good government, we pledge ourselves, as citizens of the British Commonwealth of nations, to maintain the heritage handed down to us by our fathers.

HEADQUARTERS.

The Headquarters of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League are situated at General Buildings, Aldwych, London, just opposite Australia House, in the very heart of the Metropolis. Here are provided most of the amenities of an ordinary Club, including Reading, Writing, Billiards, Ladies' and Smoking Rooms, Information Bureau, the provision of a postal address, and the forwarding of Members' mail. Light refreshments can be obtained. Hours of opening, 9.30 a.m. to 8 p.m.



The black square shows the building in which the Over-Seas Club Rooms are situated.

Date of Inception	**August 27th, 1910**
Membership (including Associates)	166,534
Subscribing Membership	20,389
Life Members	2,808

MEMBERSHIP FEES.

All fees include "Overseas" and Membership List.

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Members' subscriptions become due on January 1st each year. Subscriptions received after October 1st are carried forward to the following year.

Contributions or subscriptions should be addressed to The Hon. Organiser, Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

The Great Peace March

By Winifride Wrench

The Great Peace March.

LL July, London had been gradually giving herself up to an orgy of colour, transforming her highways and byways into a veritable kaleidoscope, until the climax was reached on Peace Day, July 19th.

Every street, mean or noble, blazed forth with the vivid colours of our flags, and those of our Allies. Down the shabbiest little streets strings of paper flags fluttered merrily, while the children screamed and played below. A giant green wreath coiled round Nelson's Pillar like a snake ; narrow pennons, yards long, floated out from the pinnacle where the statue stands ; huge flags, the Union Jack, and those of the Dominions hung full length from the walls of the Houses of Parliament for the first time in history. Every Government office was decked and dyed from head to foot in scarlet and white and royal blue. An Imperial city indeed, great in its past, great in its present, and determined to celebrate worthily the most significant day of all in its history.

Even though I had no seat, I wished to see for myself how the conquerors looked—Foch and Haig, and Beatty and Pershing, men who will be spoken of in years to come as we speak now of Wellington and Marlborough and Nelson.

I woke at 5.30 to the cries of the milkman, who was himself going off to see the sights. The morning was grey and close, and we passed the time of day, as he measured out my milk, and hoped it would be fine. It was fine for the first part of the day, but a little rain fell fitfully during the afternoon, which turned to a steady shower by the evening. It was 6.30 as I ran down the stairs into the streets. I had over a mile to walk to Sloane Street, and as I stepped briskly along, I wondered what luck was in store for me. Little bunches of twos and threes were walking in the same direction ; family parties crowded on to motor-cycles rattled by, taxis with not a seat to spare span past. I hurried my pace, and turning into Sloane Street by 7, breathed a sigh of relief on finding the side walks almost empty, but fringed with sightseers sitting closely packed on the curb-stone, waiting. I placed myself beside a group of French women, and charming neighbours they proved, quick to appreciate every human incident, and moved by a fervent patriotism. Their hearts overflowed at the sight of the *poilus*, "*Vive la France*," and "*Vive les Poilus*," they shouted till they were hoarse, and the *poilus*, recognising their countrywomen, smiled happily back.

I read my paper intermittently, but there was much to distract my attention. The French contingents on their way to the starting point ; a lorry full of Indian soldiers who were heartily cheered,

The Great Peace March.

whereat they looked first surprised, and then mightily pleased ; small detachments of British troops ; the road-cleaner who found our feet in his way as he brushed the gutters ; a man who put on a muzzle and looked at us out of a window opposite to our great amusement ; ambulance men and nurses who walked to various points with stretchers and water-bottles, ready for any contingency.

Exactly opposite me, a very fat woman from Whitechapel sat on a wooden box, her husband asleep, his head in her lap, and clasping a bottle of water—yes, it was water, not beer—in his arms. Was he an emblem of a " dry " England to be, I wondered ?

At last the great moment arrived, waves of cheering reached us, and we knew the procession had started. A few mounted police came into sight, and immediately behind rode General Pershing, on a bay horse. He was greeted with a storm of cheers ; smilingly he saluted and passed down between the multitude, the American troops following ten abreast. They marched splendidly, perhaps a trifle stiffly and self-consciously, and still wearing their steel helmets. It will be long before I shall forget the group who bore so proudly aloft the silken standards, embroidered and heavily fringed with gold, that glittered in the sun as they swung down Sloane Street.

Then came a gap before the Belgians came into sight, with a general at their head. We cheered and cheered again, remembering how they strove to stem the German hoards in those early days of the War. They were followed by a small group of Chinese, received by the crowd with cheers and laughter, they looked so solemn and alien amongst the rest. The Czecho-Slovaks followed, representatives of the new army of a new country, in pale blue, like the Poles, the Rumanians, the Greeks. We cheered and laughed at the Greeks and pointed to their funny up-turned shoes with big pompoms bobbing on their toes. They were headed by the son of Venizelos, the famous statesman, said by some to be the first of European statesmen.

The cheering rose to a mighty roar, the mightiest roar I verily believe ever heard in our grey old streets, as the word went round, " The French are coming," and Foch alone, preceded by an escort, rode at their head.

It was a wonderful moment. The great Generalissimo, sitting still and straight on his charger, his fine drawn face stern even in repose, looked unmoved at the waving, cheering throng, who acclaimed him, a conqueror indeed. But the procession moves forward, and our eyes turn to gaze at the French colours, crowned with laurel leaves, like our own which came later. Many were so torn and old, they had to be held together by net bags. Heads were bared as those sacred emblems were carried by.

The cheering continued as the Italians, the Japanese and the

Serbians passed, and then at length came our own turn. The tumult grew into a crescendo of welcome as we recognised Beatty marching alone, his cap acock, in the attitude so familiar from his pictures. Two bluejackets headed the ranks upon ranks of the naval contingent that followed, one leading a straining, panting bull-dog on a leash, probably the only unmuzzled dog in England that day. The Great Peace March.

No one was forgotten. The Lascars in gay colours of the East formed a group by themselves, and there were the fishermen and old skippers and men of the mercantile marine, who carried on from start to finish, daring the submarine to do its worst. The naval procession ended with a smart detachment of Wrens, and great was our enthusiasm as we greeted the women, who for the first time in history marched with the men with whom they had borne the burden and heat of the day. They passed from view and we gathered ourselves together for another supreme moment. The Army—every branch of it, was unrolling itself before our eyes. Haig riding alone at its head, "the man who does not forget," the greatest trainer of men. We cheered and cheered and again we cheered, though our voices were raucous by this time. The glorious old Contemptibles formed a company, tragically small, by themselves. Following on their heels came the units from regiments of imperishable fame, every man showing chevrons and ribbons, English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, Canadians, New Zealanders, Australians, South Africans, with nursing detachments, and neat khaki-clad W.A.A.C.'s. How can we ever thank them enough, how can we ever be proud enough of them? The tanks proved a fresh sensation. Four of these ridiculous grotesque monsters, decorated with roses, moving apparently all by themselves, waddled down the street. No wonder they scared the Germans! Men of the R. A. F., companies and companies of the bird-men who have conquered the air, brought up the rear, and the great triumphal procession was over.

The spectators in Whitehall witnessed the supreme sight of the whole procession: the salute of the Living to the Dead. A beautiful cenotaph, crowned with the Union Jack, and a wreath of laurels, and guarded by four men with reversed bayonets and bowed heads, erected in the middle of the roadway, bore these words only: "The Glorious Dead." Here the generals paused and saluted, and the men marched past eyes right, while the choristers of Westminster Abbey sang solemn chants and the last post was sounded.

It is well that in the hour of Victory we should remember. It is said that it would take a fortnight for that Silent Legion to march past four abreast. They rest now from their labours and their agonies, and their works, and the deepest thanksgivings of our hearts do follow them.

WINIFRIDE WRENCH.

The Prisoner of Amerongen

The Prisoner of Amerongen.

IT has always been our boast as a nation and as individuals that we do not hit a man when he is down, but during the last months there has been a spirit abroad which certainly gives the lie to such a claim.

A few days ago I read an article in one of our leading papers giving an account of the Kaiser's daily life at Amerongen. It was written throughout in a tone of contemptuous sarcasm and without an attempt at the respect accorded by common consent to a man's private life, whoever he may be. We do not pry into the secret moments of the criminal in his condemned cell and hold up his "deep depression" for the public to jeer at. Whatever a man's crime, we do not let it debar him from his right as a human being to suffer in seclusion, hidden from the vulgar gaze. There is a dignity about suffering, even when it is the direct result and the just punishment of sin, which calls for respect and compassion. It is not for me to go into the question of the degree of personal responsibility of the Kaiser in the great crimes against humanity which have been committed; that point is one which it will tax history to decide for many a day to come. The most charitably disposed cannot deny how deeply he is implicated, but even if we grant all that his worst enemies can say it does not alter what ought to be the attitude of his conquerors to-day. If he has deserved, and richly deserved, all that he is getting, so much the more has he a right to that pity which realises that the worst of all suffering is the suffering of the soul that has sinned.

It is a strange thing to hear people say, as one so often does of a man in trouble, "I don't pity him, it is his own fault." Surely just in the fact that it *is* his own fault lies all the bitterness of his pain. In the whole course of history there has perhaps never been such a downfall as Kaiser Wilhelm's; he has known what it is to reach the greatest height of earthly power possible to man, and he has lost everything, even his honour. In the face of such tragedy surely it is meet that we should be silent.

"When Wilhelm is not sawing he is sulking," wrote the writer of the article in question, echoing in his words the attitude of a vast majority at the present day. One wonders how it is possible to dare to use such a word in the face of a grief and degradation beyond the grasp of imagination. The peace which we have signed will be but a negative thing, a mere cessation of hostilities, unless a very different spirit descend upon the nations which stand triumphant to-day. Peace without pity and magnanimity will be a blind guide indeed to lead the world out of chaos into light.

SUNSET ON LAKE LEMAN, SWITZERLAND.

Sent by Mr. U. G. Frederici, Lausanne.

An Elephant shot in Portuguese East Africa by Mr. D. Tullock. Sent us by Dr. Magoon, Umtali, Rhodesia.

Benin "Ju-Ju" Dancers in Nigeria. Ju-Ju is the name given by the West African Negroes to any fetish. The dresses of the dancers are made from grass, and their masks carved out of wood. Sent by Mr. W. G. Lewis, Sapoba Sapele, Nigeria.

Famous Trials of History

By W. Francis Aitken, Assistant Editor of "The Great War"

Famous Trials of History.

WHETHER or no the Kaiser is to be tried in London—and from motives of expediency alone there are surely few of us who desire it—the suggestion has naturally created a very lively interest. It has caused us to review the past for some historical incident which, in however slight a degree, would furnish an analogy, if not a precedent.

The first example that comes to mind is the trial, so-called, of Jeanne Darc, the inspired peasant girl of Domremy, who placed the crown of France on the unworthy head of Charles VII. That trial is worthy of note because it marked the end of the Hundred Years War and was virtually coincident with the recovery of France from a condition to which the nearest modern parallel is to be found in the events of 1870–1. It was the military desolation of France in the first half of the fifteenth century that, as De Quincey says, woke the faith of the dreamer of Lorraine in her mission of deliverance. She felt that the first step towards peace for her country was the expulsion of the foreigner. She did much to achieve this.

The descendants of none who took part in it can look back upon the trial of Jeanne Darc without shame. The maid was burnt alive as a sorceress at Rouen, May 30th, 1431, but about twenty-four years later a papal bull declared her innocent. At Rome, April 18th, 1909, she was beatified as a saint, and her name, "fit blazon for a soldier's banner," inspired the soldiers of France in their life and death struggle against the Prussian hordes, as she herself inspired her countrymen to fight against the unjust claims

The beautiful Cenotaph to "Our Glorious Dead," designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. It was erected in Whitehall, and every man in the procession saluted as he passed it.

Famous Trials of History.

of Henry VI. of England. Andrew Lang vindicated her memory in a notable book, and competent critics have exonerated Shakespeare from the *onus* of the character given to La Pucelle in the composite play of *Henry VI.*

After the Maid of France, the Helen of Christendom. The trial of Mary Stuart—"Mary, daughter and heir of James V., late king of Scots, otherwise called Mary queen of Scots, dowager of France,"—affords the closest parallel to the arraignment of a foreign sovereign or ex-sovereign on English soil. It took place at a time when both England and Scotland were fighting against the threat of foreign dominion.

After she had fled from the fateful field of Langside, in 1568, and had thrown herself on the mercy of her cousin, Elizabeth, had tasted prison fare in Carlisle, had been the subject of a sort of trial at York and Westminster, and had been a prisoner at Tutbury, Wingfield, Coventry, Chatsworth, Sheffield, and Chartley, means were found by Walsingham to involve her in the Babington plot to assassinate Elizabeth. She was removed in 1586 to Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, where a commission of forty Privy Councillors and noblemen, presided over by the Lord Chancellor, tried and condemned her, and she was beheaded February 8th, 1587.

Not even Froude has been able to destroy the glamour that surrounds her name, nor have the most painstaking apologists of Elizabeth been able to absolve that queen from personal odium for this "miserable accident." Facts may be against Mary, but the manner of her death alone has sufficed to ensure for her posthumous sympathy. Fotheringay was demolished by her son, and after being buried in Peterborough Cathedral, her remains were, in 1612, removed to Westminster Abbey, where they rest opposite those of Elizabeth, in the chapel of Henry VII.

Mary at first refused to recognise the jurisdiction of her judges over a queen. But she was no longer a queen ; and, as Hallam says, while admitting that the proceedings against her were not exempt from shameful breach of legal rules, strangers voluntarily resident within a State are amenable to the jurisdiction of its tribunals, and, by a natural principle of law, those detained by force become also amenable. Moreover, "an abdicated or dethroned monarch may preserve his title by the courtesy of other states, but cannot rank with sovereigns in the tribunals where public law is administered."

The trial of Mary's grandson, Charles I., was unprecedented in the history of nations. A law had to be made for it. If it can be held to have any bearing on the pending trial of the ex-Kaiser it is because of the framing of the charge. It was alleged that Charles, "out of wicked design to uphold in himself unlimited and tyrannical

power," had "treacherously levied war . . . and caused thousands of free people to be slain . . . all for the advancement of a personal interest of will and power, and a pretended prerogative to himself and his family," and was "a tyrant, traitor, murderer, and a public and implacable enemy to the commonwealth of England." John Cook, the Commonwealth solicitor, in embroidering the charge, declared that Charles "had deported himself as a god, been depended upon and adored as a god, and had assumed an omnipotent power." Famous Trials of History.

Charles's trial took place on January 20—27th, 1649, in the old Court of King's Bench and Chancery, at the south end of Westminster Hall. The Commissioners, who varied in number at various stages of the proceedings, included Oliver Cromwell and Henry Ireton. The President was John Bradshaw, sometime friend of Milton and afterwards permanent President of the Council of State and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. It was a strange tribunal, unrepresentative of the greater part of the people.

Charles thrice publicly denied the jurisdiction of the Court. Then the Commissioners met privately and agreed on the sentence which, when Charles had been once more summoned to the Hall, was passed upon him. He was not allowed to make any statement before or after it. The sentence was carried out at Whitehall three days later. Like Mary Stuart, he knew how to die, and at the Restoration was honoured as Charles the Martyr. After all, perhaps, Henrietta Maria may not unjustly be held to share with the regicides responsibility for his death.

Between the men and women above named and William II. of Hohenzollern it would be absurd to suggest that there exists any element of real comparison. Therefore, I think, end the pending trial how it may, we can dismiss the fear that he would ever become the centre of a world-legend. The one man of modern times who broke the world's peace and, despite that fact, still fascinates historian and romancer, is Napoleon, who was sent to St. Helena without trial. Napoleon was a man of a calibre infinitely greater than that of the Hohenzollern.

On a comparatively small scale America, at the close of the Civil War, had to deal with a problem similar to that now confronting the Allies. They imprisoned Jefferson Davis, President of the South, for two years, but then released him and included him in the amnesty shortly afterwards. Jefferson Davis had principle and he had character ; he was in every way a finer type of man than the fugitive William II., whose whole career may be scanned in vain for any one act such as those that endeared the memory of Mary Stuart or Charles I., or even Napoleon, to their followers.

The Falling Birth-rate

An Imperial Menace

By Dr. C. W. Saleeby, F.R.S.E.

The Falling Birth-rate.

HE chief Imperial fact of to-day is the falling birth-rate —a phenomenon which began half a century ago, and which, in the latest recorded figures, has caused an actual decline of population in England and Wales for the first time in their recorded history.

A falling birth-rate is common to civilised countries, but it concerns ours far more than any other, our Imperial responsibilities, to which the war has greatly added, having no parallel in history but Rome—our *memento mori* now. It was thus appropriate that the first serious attempt to study the birth-rate should have had its origin in Great Britain, where the National Birth-rate Commission was formed in 1913 and has been sitting, with an interval, ever since. We have issued our first report ("The Declining Birth-rate," Chapman and Hall, 1916; second edition, 1917), which has been read and studied all over the world, and I hope that another volume may appear next year. Meanwhile, I ask the reader, not least overseas, to note the recent publication of a small volume, "Campaigns of Peace," by the National Council of Public Morals, which is responsible for the National Birth-rate Commission.

This new volume states the condition and prospects of our Imperial population as we see them to-day, and a copy of it will be freely sent in the interests of our beloved Empire to any reader of "Overseas" who will write for it to the Rev. James Marchant, Director of the National Council of Public Morals, 20, Bedford Square, W.C. The production of such a book involves formidable expense in these times, but we are convinced that this work must be done and that those who care for the future of the ideals for which our best have died must be informed of the facts.

Thanks to our dead we have won the War, but we are losing the race, and therefore the peace. The first of the "Campaigns of Peace," therefore, is Racial Reconstruction, upon which all else depends. The reader will find this problem set forth in clear and even fascinating fashion in the first section of the book which is now offered him, and here I need deal with it only very briefly.

Thus we have long wanted the Ministry of Health, which I proposed as an "urgently required war measure" early in 1915, and which now at last exists. But its primary object must be not to administer larger bottles of medicine than hitherto to an invalid population, but to safeguard the mothers and babies, those weak who are the source of all strength, and upon whom our Imperial future depends.

The reader will find in the volume I commend to him a detailed discussion of the way in which the new Ministry of Health (even also through its proposed Department of Recreation) may serve the cause of racial reconstruction by at least keeping alive the relatively few babies that are still being born and the mothers who bear them. **The Falling Birth-rate.**

But an inquiry into the causes of the falling birth-rate shows that in large degree it depends upon the fact that, financially and otherwise, we penalise, prohibit and discourage parenthood as if it were an objectionable practice which must be repressed in the public interest. The reader will find details of a statement and petition now being presented to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, drawing his attention to the facts. Our present policy is one of suicidal insanity for an Empire practically empty like ours.

For years I have been proclaiming the fact that our falling birth-rate co-exists with our possession of an empty Empire which we own but do not occupy, police but do not people. A recent visit to Canada and the United States has abundantly confirmed this view. The boundless resources of our colossal Dominion, with its present population about equal to that of greater London, further impress upon my mind the need for a broadly and boldly conceived policy of what had best be called Intra-Imperial Migration. Would that any signs of such a policy could be discerned in the doings of the latest official body formed in London to deal with the problem ! The main lines will be formulated as one of our chief " Campaigns of Peace," and I hope that Canadian students in especial will study them. The immense excess of young women in the Mother Country and the great relative defect of them overseas suggests the fundamental principle of Intra-Imperial Migration, which is to encourage the movement of young women to Canada, for instance, thus greatly serving morality, monogamy and the Imperial birth-rate. It is good to learn that recently not a few Canadian soldiers have begun to effect this desirable Imperial end for themselves by taking English brides home with them. Good luck to them and theirs-to-be, say I !

Readers overseas, once they see the significance of this question, can solve it. Obviously there are two ends to it, and only the lighter is at home. The heavier end is in the overseas land where these girls are to go. They must be absolutely safe ; the place must be ready for them, and only those who live in it can make it so. I can imagine no finer work for the Over-Seas Club than this. In time past we have lost a deplorable number of our splendid young people from the British Empire to the United States, the next best place on earth, let us admit ! but nowadays our Imperial case is such (the continent of Australia, for instance, having about the same population as the city of Philadelphia) that we need our young for our-

The Falling Birth-rate.

selves ; and since Great Britain has no young men to spare, the problem is the more difficult but necessary one of migrating our young women. I sometimes hear this project spoken of as if it involved some cruelty or disadvantage to the young women in question. Those who know the Empire overseas best will make the best replies to that ignorant innuendo.

There are other "Campaigns of Peace," as the reader will discover in this volume, which may appear at first sight to have little or no relation to the birth-rate and the problem of Imperial population. The study of the cinema, for instance, seems to be remote from these interests. I am one of those who think, however, that any recreation which offers youth something safer and better than the street and the public-house is a safeguard against those racial poisons, as I call them, which are the curse of parenthood, and amongst such recreations the cinema takes a very high place, which yearly becomes higher. The impartial and disinterested study of it and its possibilities assumes a new importance from this point of view, and is not unworthy of the attention of the best among us.

With a white population of sixty millions—fifteen overseas and forty-five, who are now ceasing to increase, at home—we are now responsible for some thirteen million square miles of the earth's surface. If we succeed, our success will be utterly unprecedented, the most wonderful and beneficent and astonishing in history. If we fail, our failure will be the most appalling. We must not fail.

That is why I ask for the reader's intelligent study of the "Campaigns of Peace," confident that his practical help will follow.

"Where the city of the cleanliness of the sexes stands ;
Where the city of the best-bodied fathers stands ;
Where the city of the healthiest mothers stands ;
There the great city stands."

[*Poy, in the "London Evening News."*

"Hold me tight, Daddy."

[*Our junior membership is rapidly growing. Age is no barrier to membership of the Over-Seas Club.*]

"Garve."

A Pen-Portrait of a Famous Journalist.

By Hamilton Fyfe

"Garve."

A SURE clue to character is given by the manner in which men are spoken of by their fellows. If they are called by their Christian names or by kindly nicknames one can be certain they are liked, whatever their failings may be. That J. L. Garvin inspires affection is proved by his being called "Garve." There are few who have never been in agreement with him (his opinions have been so varied and changeable), but even these, if they exist, would certainly say they liked him personally, however little they liked his views, and, spite of his many shiftings of political foothold, no one, I believe, who knew him has ever doubted his sincerity.

He was only sixteen when a Darlington newspaper printed as an article a letter which he had sent in. The editor considered the article so forcible and so persuasively put that he decided to get the credit of it for the editorial column. He cut off the beginning and the end, published it as a "leader." Garvin called at the office to see if he would like more. When he was shown in, the editor looked up at the tall shy boy.

"Are you from Mr. Garvin?" he said.

"I *am* Mr. Garvin."

He was born of poor Irish parents in the north of England; his early life was chequered by hardships. I have been told by one of his friends that the first money he earned by writing was paid for an advertisement of beer.

The first published writing of Garvin's according to Katherine Tynan's lately published and delightful reminiscences, was a poem on the death of Gordon. That, of course, was not paid for.

He lived in Newcastle, and there he was offered, soon after his twentieth year, a situation as foreign correspon-

The famous "Oranges and lemons" bells of the Church of St. Clement's, just opposite the Headquarters of the Over-Seas Club. They have recently been rehung, and in the picture the Archdeacon of London is seen blessing them.

"Garve."

dent to a coal merchant. "You will have to correspond in French, German and Spanish," he was told. For a moment he hesitated. French and German he could write as well as read. How had the poor boy learned them? By dogged persistence and unusual energy of brain. Spanish he had not tackled, but immediately the thought came to him. "I have not to begin work for three weeks. I can learn Spanish in that time." So he accepted the job, and at the end of three weeks, his Spanish was more than good enough.

At this time he was sending to *United Ireland* weekly letters "from our correspondent in England"; followers of Mr. Parnell were stirred and encouraged by his rhetoric and advice. He much preferred writing to business, and when the coal merchants' activities in Newcastle came to an end, he asked Mr. Joseph Cowen for employment on the *Newcastle Chronicle*. He was put into the proof readers' room at a wage of twenty-five shillings a week.

This humble position and small pay he accepted on one condition, that he should be allowed to try his hand at leaderettes. Old Joe Cowen smiled at that and said carelessly, "Ay, very well." But a year or so later his eye, always on the look out for writers of promise, saw that he had got hold of a young man with a quite unusual style.

Garvin was sent to Ireland to describe Parnell's funeral. He was told to send a short message, but, once started, he could not stop. His admiration for the dead leader had been very strong. He shared the grief of the vast concourse which lined the street and filled the cemetery. Page after page he wrote; sheet after sheet of telegraph "flimsy" was delivered to the sub-editors in Newcastle. Luckily there was a man in charge of the paper who knew good writing, writing into which a man puts his heart and his brain, from the ordinary skimble-skamble stuff of journalism. The whole of Garvin's message was printed. It filled most of the centre page of the newspaper. Other news had to be left out. When the proprietor read it in the morning he said the right thing had been done, and as soon as Garvin returned from Ireland he put him into a good position on the paper with a salary to match.

There Garvin stayed for eight years, "writing the whole paper," as a colleague put it. He would write sometimes as many as five leaders a night. He had read enormously. In the *Chronicle* office his knowledge was spoken of as encyclopædic, almost miraculous. Yet there was nothing of the book-worm in his journalism. He took the wide view, saw the Empire imaginatively, knew its possibilities, never wrote from the narrow English standpoint.

His articles soon attracted attention in London. He was offered work in the *Daily Telegraph*. This was in 1899.

At first he reviewed books, did descriptive reporting. I recollect

[*Photo by Mr. Andrew Soutar, the Novelist.*

KEEPING WARM IN MURMANSK.

A Photo of Capt. E. M. Squarey, organiser of the reindeer teams, in his Arctic kit.

Starting a Ranch in British Columbia.

Photos sent us by Lt.-Col. V. Harrington, The Wilderness, Edgewood, B.C.
(See Article on p. 50.)

Land partially cleared. Creek and Forest in the background.

"My original Shack, built in 1913 by another man and myself."

noticing his telegrams about King Edward's coronation Durbar. "Garve." He made the scenes of Eastern splendour glow and flash. Later he began to write on politics, and now the dæmonic energy of the man came into full play. He made Mr. Chamberlain his hero, and set forth with fire and passion the promises of Tariff Reform. He turned pamphleteer. His articles signed "Calchas" in the *Fortnightly Review* became political events.

He forced himself by sheer enthusiasm and eloquence into the innermost councils of the Tariff Reform Party. His vigour and certainty, hypnotised so undecided and philosophically doubtful a politician as Mr. Balfour. He dictated the moves in the game, was blindly followed, and led the party over the precipice. Never had such a defeat been known as that which it suffered at the election of 1906.

That seemed to be the end of "Garve" as a political force, but by 1910 he was pulling the strings again with all the old dexterity. Although he had been in the forefront of Unionism, he had never persuaded himself that all was well with Ireland, or that the country could be left alone. Now he did all he could to arrange a settlement. The Conference of Eight was his idea. He was grievously disappointed when the Ulstermen stood out obstinately and left the difficulties just where they were when the conference met.

He was now editor of the *Observer*, writing those long Sunday articles which have been so long a feature of journalism.

Later he edited for a time the *Pall Mall Gazette* also. He has always hitched his newspaper to stars, striven towards a high ideal of what journalism should be, purged it, so far as his influence extended, of meanness, time-serving, untruth. Therefore, although his campaigns have mostly failed, he has been a strong force on the right side ; he has always had a large body of admiring followers ; his spirit had triumphed even while his material aims were being defeated.

Lately he has stood forth as an ardent supporter (there is always ardour in his championship) of the League of Nations, has bidden the nations reflect that hate is a sterile passion which does most harm to those who nurse it. "Garve" without an enthusiasm is unimaginable. One does not think of him in repose, but with eyes widely opened, the deep voice vibrating, the hand raised in protest or expostulation. Or else one thinks of him reading poetry aloud, say Francis Thompson, his favourite among the moderns ; or pulling down a book to quote some apposite passage ; or if he sits, sitting forward and talking, talking, talking. And all who can appreciate a vivid personality, rich stores of learning and wit, noble thought and generous disputation say to him, borrowing the words of Anne Whitefield, at the end of "Man or Superman," "Garve, go on talking."

Ranching in B.C.: An Old Settler's Advice

Ranching in B.C. : An Old Settler's Advice

YOU have often asked Members their reasons for emigrating to the Colonies, so I give mine, such as they are.

The call to Canada came to me early in 1878, when I was a student of 23 years of age, and remained with me all my life. I qualified for the Medical Profession in 1879, but was persuaded by my people to go in for the Indian Medical Service before trying Canada. I consequently entered the I.M.S. in 1880 with the full intention of retiring after twenty years, and settling in Canada. However, this was not to be, and I remained in India till 1912. But the call was still strong and I purchased my present ranch of nineteen acres in the rough, and came out to B.C. in 1913, and, I guess, after six years on it, I have as pretty a ranch as any in the district, with my orchard started bearing and my small fruits all doing well.

The following information may help intending settlers and give them some idea of what they may be up against when starting an unmade ranch in B.C. (See photos in centre pages.)

The original price of land is only a small item—the cost of clearing alone runs to from $40.00 to $200.00 an acre, according to the density of the forest and the size of the trees. One of the first things a settler has to do is to build a shack to live in and be "on the spot"; living out or in hotels (if any) is expensive. His next move is to have water handy, either from a well which he will have to dig, or piping it from a spring or creek in the vicinity. He should also stack all the wood he can for firewood, and have a good supply cut ready in a dry place for winter.

This having been completed, the settler will have his mind free to tackle the land proper, clearing each year as much as he can manage. Many men put all their money into clearing a large area, and then find they have not sufficient capital to carry on, with the usual result. My advice is to go slow, learn the ways of the country, and always try and keep a bit in hand for eventualities.

To start ranching on unmade land in B.C. requires capital, otherwise a settler will be forced to spend most of his time working for others in order to keep going ; consequently, there is little progress on his own land. In any circumstances it is most advisable for an intending settler to come out and look round first, study local conditions and market prospects, and then select his land and locality. The nearer he is to a town or railway, the bigger the price he will have to pay, but it may be the better investment.—Lt.-Col. V. Harrington, The Wilderness, Edgewood, Arrow Lakes, British Columbia, Canada.

A New Outlook in Temperance Reform

By Ernest E. Williams

[*In the following article Mr. Ernest Williams, one of the principal officers of the True Temperance Association, advocates, as the most practical way of attaining true temperance, the bringing about of conditions which make for moderation.* —*Editor.*]

A New Outlook in Temperance Reform.

HAPPILY temperance reform on any lines is not the crying need which it used to be. In our grandfathers' days, if tradition be true, we were something very like a drunken nation, and those of us whose memories go back for, say, thirty years, remember drunkenness as a much more common phenomenon than it is to-day. In point of fact England has ceased to be a drunken nation, and there are things calling more urgently for reform than do habits of excessive drinking. Nevertheless, the vice has not been altogether exorcised. The village toper is still to be found ; sots may still be discovered lurking in town public-houses ; one still, at times, comes across instances of men who have ruined their careers by excessive indulgence, and (though these stories are probably exaggerated) there are yet women who spoil their homes through the drink habit. But all this is exceptional rather than normal, and the experience of the ages forbids us to hope that the sin of sensuality in drink will ever be entirely eradicated, any more than will other sins.

Thus regarded, the question of temperance reform takes on a new aspect. It ceases to be simply an effort to turn large numbers of the population from drunken to sober habits ; the work is really of a wider and brighter character. The great mass of the people is now so well advanced in the paths of sobriety that we need not bid them flee from all use of those beverages which particularly demand moderation, but which are not, on that account, evil; the work of the true temperance reformer now is, in addition to counselling moderation, to try to bring about such conditions as will make for moderation; and it is happily the case that such conditions are precisely those which would tend to increase social enjoyment and convenience, and the pleasant amenities of life. In a word, transform the public-house into a place of varied refreshment and entertainment, where drinking intoxicating fluids is not the main business, but only an accompaniment, and not a necessary accompaniment, and you will not only go far to root out the comparatively small amount of excessive drinking which still remains in the country, but you will also create a pleasant

A New Outlook in Temperance Reform.

and reputable and useful institution, such as a civilised community has a right to demand.

Let us consider for a moment the real public-house—what is usually referred to as the ideal public-house. I prefer to call it the real public-house, meaning thereby the refreshment house for public use which really fulfils its purpose. Let me sketch it.

People away from home on business or pleasure are apt to need a resting place, a place for transacting temporary and casual business, a place in which to meet acquaintances, a place in which to pass a leisure hour in warmth, light and comfort, and with amusements. They also need a place in which they can find food and drink—the food may be a full meal, may be merely a light collation ; the drink may be one of the usual fermented beverages, may be a cup of tea or coffee. Those are the wants which a public-house should supply. We need only to keep these desiderata in mind ; the rest is a matter of detailed elaboration. Variety in this elaboration is essential, because not every house would have the same demands made upon it. A house in a congested town quarter would not provide a bowling green, nor a small country inn an orchestra, and the demands upon a house at the gates of a factory would obviously differ from those of one in Regent Street.

There are a few things, however, which all should have in common—reasonably comfortable seating accommodation, some kind of food supply, other beverages besides beer and spirits, some opportunity of recreation (if only a game of dominoes) and such adjuncts of a house of call as decent lavatory arrangements, accommodation for writing letters, etc. From this simple common foundation the public taste, the needs of a locality and the enterprise and imagination of licensees, acting under the spur of healthy competition (we want no more monopoly and restriction of licences), can build up an infinitely varied number of edifices which would be socially useful, proper for both sexes and all classes, a gain to the amenities of life, and a real encouragement to temperance.

Some would make music their special feature, some provision for indoor games, others outdoor amusements ; mid-day and evening meals would be an important feature of some, of others afternoon tea, or after-dinner coffee ; some would rely upon their light and spaciousness, others on their quiet and cosiness—for the small house as such need not be left out. The subject could be pursued almost indefinitely. Regarded with imagination and common sense, the public-house has a magnificent future.

No alcoholic advertisements are accepted by "Overseas" although a considerable revenue is sacrificed thereby.

King Cricket

By H. R. McDonald

King Cricket.

IN one of his better-known novels Lord Beaconsfield remarked that the chief interests of the English were politics and sport. If the great statesman had been more definite and chosen a particular sport, I think cricket would have been named.

Although drawing nothing like the crowds which attend Association football, nor arousing the feverish interest of racing, the national summer game has a warm and abiding place in the English character. Has it not coined one of the most suggestive phrases in the language? When we say a thing or an action "isn't cricket," we express an abhorrence that less favoured nations need hymns of hate to voice.

No other game could give birth to such a phrase and no other nation incorporate it in the language. Such a game is indeed greater than its players, and yet its personalities are household words to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Every real Englishman spends at least one afternoon in his life at Lord's. Only there does one get quite near to the heart of the game. A crowd walking briskly past high walls to a little entrance gate, the smell of heated asphalte and mown grass, a crack of bat against ball, a burst of applause—that's Lord's to the Englishman.

There is a good story told of an old attendant at Lord's which well illustrates the *habitué's* pride in the historic old ground, and incidentally the game itself. A well-known player, coming into Lord's late one hot afternoon, noticed an expression of surprise on the worthy attendant's face. In a spirit of banter he inquired the reason. "You see that old gentleman walking towards the pavilion, sir? Well, 'e's just told me that this is 'is first visit to Lord's. Wot's 'e done with 'is life?—that's what I should like to know."

Inside the forbidding walls the game is set at its best on turf made precious by the hurrying feet of all the great players for a century and more. Although the present enclosure was the third ground purchased for his patrons by the ever famous Mr. Lord—in 1814—the turf itself was transferred from the two previous fields occupied by the Marylebone Club at Dorset Square and North Bank, Regent's Park. Dorset Square was opened as long ago as 1787, the first match of any importance to be played there being England *versus* the White Conduit Club (with six given men).

The present ground at St. John's Wood was first used for cricket in 1814, and in June of 1914 its centenary was celebrated by a couple of big matches and a dinner, at which almost everybody

King Cricket.

who is anybody in the cricket world, including the great "W. G.," was present.

Cricket existed before Lord's, of course, and it may well exist after Lord's in some unthinkable manner has passed away. Indeed, I rather suspect that the ancient Britons played the game in some form or another, notwithstanding the fact that the first recorded match took place at the Artillery Ground, London, on June 18th, 1744—not far off two hundred years ago. On this historic occasion Kent, still a great cricketing county, beat All England by one wicket.

It is obviously impossible in the course of a short article like the present to give even the merest sketch of the great games decided at the G.H.Q. of cricket or even a passing reference to the immortal players who have graced its confines.

Here England has battled with Australia in many an historic Test Match ; here the Gentlemen have met and occasionally defeated the Players in a long serious of Homeric contests going back to the early years of the last century. Here, too, have the rival 'varsities struggled for the honour of Light and Dark Blue, while beauty smiled and rank encouraged. It is perhaps during this last mentioned match, the annual battle of the Blues, that Lord's is seen at its very best. The play may not reach a very high standard, but it certainly unveils the spirit of the game in a manner which no other contest on the cricket card seems capable of doing.

Much cricket history has of course been manufactured outside the high walls of Lord's, for the county championship, the game's chief competition, touches every part of the country from John O'Groats to Land's End. This competition is indeed the chief topic of conversation where two or three cricketers are gathered together, from early May to late August.

The balance of power has been well distributed in the great tournament. In the late 'seventies "W. G.'s" county of Gloucestershire were well-nigh invincible. Then for a time Nottingham held sway, giving way in the fulness of time to Surrey, who from 1887 to 1895 won the championship eight years out of nine. Dour Yorkshire was the next shire to make a successful bid for fortune, her success culminating in the three great years of 1900–1–2.

Since then honours have been fairly evenly handed out, with Kent and Surrey uppermost. Each shire has had its heroes and each its special crowd of supporters and wellwishers within and without the borders, but the spirit of the game is the same on village green and county ground. That spirit which in a large measure has made England what she is to-day—a Land of Hope and Glory.

The Welsh Wizard

Some Sidelights on Jimmy Wilde, the Fly-weight Boxer.

By C. E. Nash

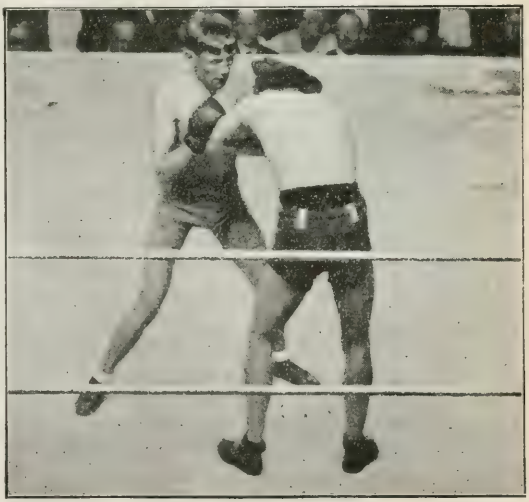
The Welsh Wizard.

A LITTLE man with a big heart. That, I should say, is the best description one can give of that magical little boxer from Wales who is known the world over as Jimmy Wilde.

One can hardly realise that in his slight frame there is so much fighting ability and so much pugnacious spirit. Like many other well-known men of the boxing ring, Wilde is a very mild-mannered man in the ordinary way, but he is a terror when within the four " walls " of a ring. One cannot imagine what this jot of humanity could have done in the mines until one has seen him in action against a much bigger opponent. Then it is realised that he possesses strength far beyond the ordinary for one of his size, and that his stamina is equal to the best.

From a personal point of view Wilde is a difficult subject to deal with. He is just an ordinary individual, very modest and unassuming, and with the ordinary man's sense of humour. He likes to talk of boxing, but will seldom venture an opinion unless he is asked for one. It is seldom he touches upon any other subject than boxing, and he rarely wastes any words. He is what is known as a " brainy " boxer and is always " thinking out " and studying his opponent to find out his weak and vulnerable spots. One has only to be a little intimate with him to realise that in the matter of brains he carries a little more of this valuable commodity than does the average boxer.

To give an illustration of the modesty, even to shyness, of this " mighty atom " I cannot do better than to say that if he walked into a room full of people of less renown he would take a position in a corner and endeavour to make himself the least conspicuous person there. To look at him one would hardly realise that he is in his twenty-eighth year, and that he is a married



Jimmy Wilde (facing) in his contest with Pal Moore at the Olympia. Twenty rounds were fought before Jimmy was victorious.

The Welsh Wizard.

man with a family. He is very fond of his home at Tyldstown, but has, of necessity, to spend a good deal of time away. I think he must look upon his wife as his mascot—and a very good one she is too. Mrs. Wilde travels with her husband to all his principal contests, except at the National Sporting Club, where ladies are not allowed to witness the boxing.

Wilde likes to have his wife with him at other affairs besides boxing. He is one of the few boxers who play golf, and if he arranged to have a round with a friend he would almost of a certainty say, "Oh, I hope you won't mind, but I should like to bring my wife along."

At the close of Wilde's recent contest with Mansfield, Mrs. Wilde went into the dressing-room where her husband was being attended to by his seconds. He immediately went to her and kissed her. It is on occasions such as these that we see the human side of things, and even a man who gets a living by fighting can be as gentle and as considerate as others in more peaceful occupations.

It is seldom that Wilde is seen smiling in the ring. He does not even wear his natural look. He has a determined expression, and this gets worse if his opponent is giving him more trouble than he anticipated.

When Wilde began to rise up the ladder of fame there was a lot of discussion as to how he managed to get so much power into his arms. All sorts of theories were advanced, but none satisfactory. Wilde himself does not profess to know. All he cares about is that he does possess this great driving force which enables him to do what no other boxer of his weight can do—knock out a much heavier opponent with a fist encased in a boxing glove. He can only be described as a freak in this respect.

He has knocked out over forty opponents during his career, and he is pretty certain to top the half-century before his career closes. When one speaks of a "knock-out" in a boxing sense it has to be remembered that the period of disablement is only for ten seconds. That is the limit given a boxer to recover and resume.

He has only twice known defeat, and on each occasion he was unfortunate. When the American, "Pal" Moore, got the verdict over him at the Albert Hall last year Wilde was so staggered at the verdict that he broke down for the moment. Extra big gloves were used for this Service tournament, and these "pillow cases," as they were called, looked very funny at the end of the little man's thin arms. His small hands were so lost in them that he could not get sufficient grip to shut them properly.

Truly, he is a remarkable little man, and one naturally thinks of Kipling's lines, which are applicable to him as they were to the great fighter of a different kind—

"He's little but he's wise, He's a terror for his size, Is Wilde!"

THE GREAT PEACE PROCESSION PASSING THROUGH THE ADMIRALTY ARCH
Inset, the King, Queen, Queen Alexandra, and the Prince of Wales.

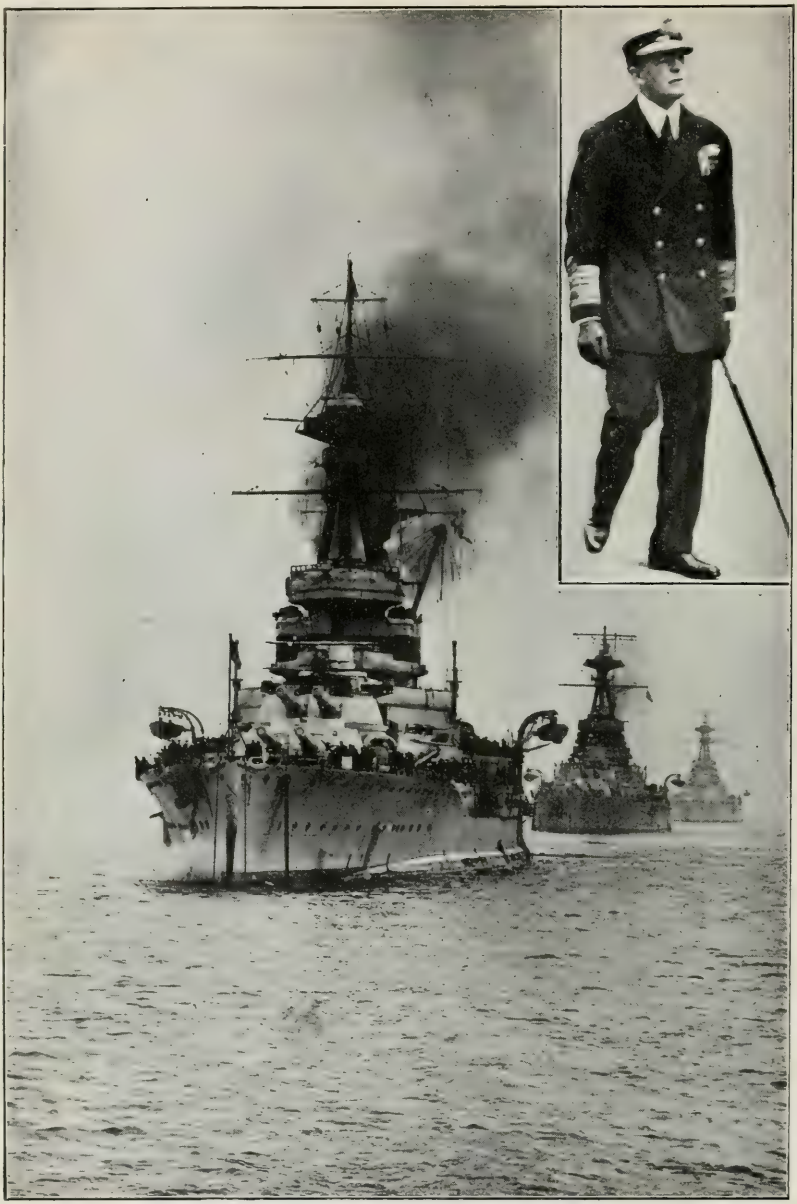
LONDON ON PEACE DAY.

Scene from the Roof of Buckingham Palace, with the Victoria Memorial in the foreground.

Westminster Bridge after the Procession had passed. Can any O.S. Member count the crowd?

WHAT BIG BEN SAW.

The Americans leading the Procession across Westminster Bridge. Inset, Sir Douglas Haig, smiling in acknowledgment of the wonderful reception he received.



OUR VICTORIOUS FLEET AT SOUTHEND.

The Fleet arriving, the *Revenge*, the flagship of Admiral Sir Sydney Fremantle, in the fore.
Inset, Sir David Beatty, snapped during the Procession.

Voices of the Wind

HE wind has a thousand voices and each one speaks in a language of its own ; he who has learnt to make of the wind a comrade, whose ear is attuned to the manifold message which it brings, holds in his heart a secret which will stand him in good stead through many a difficult day. **Voices of the Wind.**

To us who live in great cities two wonderful gifts have been given in common with those whose lot has been cast in quiet places —the blessed sky overhead and the wind.

It sweeps over the country, carrying with it the scent of the sea and the breath of a thousand flowers ; it rushes through street and alley, penetrating into every corner, cleansing, purifying, renewing. It brings new life wherever it goes and a sense of wide spaces and healing and joy ; the dreariest thoroughfare, at its touch, for a moment seems to attain to some hint of union with the green places of the earth and the freedom of the sea. No barriers have power to arrest it on its onward course ; it knows no boundaries and laughs at the distances which dismay our human hearts ; it binds up North and South and the hope of sunset with the promise of the dawn ; the highest mountains leave it undaunted and the widest seas.

When London, with its miles of streets and rows of endless houses, presses with a sense of imprisonment on the tired mind, there is always the river to escape to—the river, shining highway of the wind. There we may stand with eyes seaward, while the grey mist blurs the outlines of warehouses and buildings on the opposite side, and the tall cranes stand out dimly like outstretched pointing arms, and the seagulls circle overhead, swirl and swoop over the water, and the barges glide silently by.

And up the river comes the wind, mysterious messenger from the far unknown, bringing with it freshness and wildness and wonder, the pungent odour of seaweed, the glamour and call of distant lands. It blows in the face and sweeps through the soul, and thoughts born of confinement and crowded days fly at its approach. In souls cleansed by the wind there can be no room for sordid care or self-pity or fear. All that is small must scatter at the beating of its wings. And it brings with it a host of memories, memories of swaying corn and waving pines, memories of storm-tossed waters and trembling grass.

At night, too, how wonderful to lie locked in darkness listening to the wind singing and moaning round the house ; it sings a song which the soul alone understands, a song of the stars and

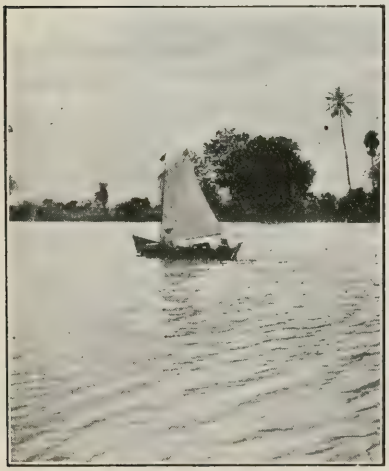
Voices of the Wind.

the infinite spaces, of the days that are gone and of the eternity wherein they lie gathered up like drops of water which have slipped back into the sea. It blows in through wide open casement and fills the room with life and mystery ; it rustles and whispers through the dark and calls with a call which brooks no denial. It is the same voice which Gautama heard long centuries past as he lay at night and listened to " the voices of the wandering wind," his heart full of the need of the world.

" O Maya's Son ! because we roam the earth
Moan we upon these strings, we make no mirth,
So many woes we see in many lands,
So many streaming eyes and wringing hands . . .
But thou who art to save thine hour is nigh,
The sad world waiteth in its misery,
The blind world stumbleth on its round of pain ;
Rise, Maya's child ! wake ! slumber not again."

But it is only when the wind beats against human dwellings, with all that they hold of bondage, and oppression and sorrow, that its voice is a wail ; it seems as if in its impetuous course it strove to sweep away artificial restraints and artificial standards. It cries and moans against our walls, but out in the forest there is music in the swaying branches, and freedom and joy in the flying foam on the face of the waters. Human life was meant to be as full of gladness and liberty as the tossing branch or the wave of the sea, as true to the underlying purpose, as obedient to the eternal laws. Very meet it is that the crowning festival of the year should be the festival of wind and fire. At Whitsuntide the Church seems to step out of its buildings made with hands, out into the green world, to be conscious for one beautiful moment of its kinship with sun and wind, with all that lives and aspires. Something there lies at the heart of life which makes the whole world one ; it is the secret which the encompassing skies hold in their still depths, the secret which earth hushes itself at night to hear as it lies under the stars girdled by the winds of God.

H. d. V.



The Lachminthirta Branch of the Cannery River. Sent by Mr. R. L. Pearse, Somwarpet, N. Coorg, India.

By E. W.

"Overseas" Editorial Rooms,
London.

News from Head-quarters.

OUR BIG PUSH.—Our membership "Big Push" is getting along splendidly and we are most grateful to all our good friends overseas who are carrying their little membership books about in their pockets and whenever they meet a friend, who has not already signed on to our roll, rope him in. The one great need of our society is fresh Members, if we are to stand for all those things, which we believe a great non-party society such as ours can stand for in the Empire. We are therefore tremendously encouraged when we receive a letter such as we did from Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Harding, two splendid overseas enthusiasts at Dundee, Natal. We hope that their example will be widely followed.

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MRS. HARDING'S WONDERFUL WORK.—On Tuesday, May 6th, Mr. Harding received our membership "Big Push" booklet, inviting the recipient to obtain ten new Members. On Wednesday morning Mrs. Harding set out and within two hours obtained the requisite ten. She then took a "Big Push" membership book with ten blanks which had been sent to another Member and got them filled in on Thursday morning. Having exhausted the two membership books she got hold of a few spare ordinary membership forms and enrolled another eight—making twenty-eight Members enrolled in less than three days. We think that Mrs. Harding has established a record. If only a hundred other Members would follow her example membership would soon be booming. We have had great pleasure in forwarding one of our Badges of Honour to both Mr. and Mrs. Harding for their splendid work.

* * * * *

TWO BOYS WE ARE PROUD OF.—One of the most delightful letters we have received for a long time is that from Miss E. Little, Cortijo Ingles, San Ramon, Uruguay, S. America, who writes as follows :—"Could you possibly receive two new Life Members at the rate of £5 5s. each instead of the advanced fee of £7 7s. ? The applicants are my pupils—two boys of thirteen and eleven, who have been saving up *all* their pocket money for a very long time in order to become Life Members and now that they have just reached the £5 5s. we find that the subscription is raised ! "

News from Head-quarters.

We need hardly say that we have, of course, made an exception to our rule and admitted Roger and Franklin Holt Dickinson as Life Members at the old fee of five guineas. This is, as far as I recollect, the first instance we have had of children saving their pocket money for the privilege of joining our society as Life Members.

Their example is a very splendid one and we only wish that all the grown-ups would follow it. We hope they will send us their photographs as we should like to put them in the magazine. As long as the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League has supporters of this kind it need not worry about the future. We hope that some of our Members elsewhere will send a few lines of greeting to Roger and Franklin Holt Dickinson, welcoming them to our ranks.

* * * * *

ANOTHER YOUTHFUL SUPPORTER.—Master F. H. Atherton (aged five), the child of one of our active supporters in Mexico City, has enrolled ten friends in our membership "Big Push." We think this establishes another record, and we have written to Mr. Atherton telling him how grateful we are to his little son.

Very often children succeed where grown-ups fail, and we suggest that every Member with children should turn the young people on to enrolling their friends. A Badge of Honour will be presented to every one who enrolls not less than ten Members before our tenth birthday on August 27th, 1920.

* * * * *

A PESSIMIST.—In dealing with a huge correspondence such as ours one has to be prepared for all sorts of communications, optimistic, pessimistic, encouraging and depressing. Of the depressing variety is the following extract which comes to me from a letter from one of our Honorary Corresponding Secretaries in the Orange Free State, who writes :—"I feel there will be a great falling-off of Members now that the War has ceased. So many people think there is no need to belong to the Club any longer." It is very difficult to keep one's patience when one reads a remark of this kind. If any Members really think the Over-Seas Club was a war-time organisation they must have completely misunderstood the aims and objects of our society, but I am glad to think that most of them have not any such hazy idea as to what we stand for. The War had nothing at all to say to the formation of the Over-Seas Club, which was started long before its commencement. It seems to me, and I am sure you will agree, that there is a much greater need of our movement, standing as it does for the highest ideals of citizenship, in the difficult times of peace. If many Members agreed with the sentiment expressed in the letter I refer to, conducting the affairs of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League would indeed be a difficult task.

OVERSEAS

News from Headquarters.

A MEMBERS' NUMBER OF "OVERSEAS."—Miss Olive Ward, the hard working and indefatigable secretary of what we call our "Wayfarers," an unofficial body of Members at Headquarters, has made an excellent suggestion. She advocates our publishing one month a Members' number of "Overseas," entirely produced by Members without any contributions from outsiders. I think her suggestion is a delightful one and it is up to us all to put it into effect. This brings me to another point. For some little time I have felt that our Members are not taking a sufficiently active part in producing "Overseas." We have always wanted our magazine to be a joint undertaking, produced by our Members themselves. For that reason I would ask you to help us to make our magazine more and more interesting month by month. Will you send us some letters of, say, 800 words in length to be published under the heading of "A Day in my Life," or "Why I went Overseas," or "How I run my Farm," or "The most Interesting Day I ever Spent," or "The Toughest Problem I ever had to face."

* * * * *

MAKING IT MORE HUMAN.—We want to make "Overseas" more human and full of personal narratives from our readers. If some of our Members would care to send us anonymous articles on such topics as "How to make Married Life a Success," we shall be very pleased to consider them. Also we hope all our Members who are camera enthusiasts will always be on the look-out for good snapshots for "Overseas." Please remember that little personal happenings which may seem to you trivial will be of interest to fellow Members.

* * * * *

THE "WHAT-DO-I-GET-OUT-OF-IT" TYPE.—Our good friends who are helping us so splendidly with our "Big Push" membership campaign often write and tell us of some of their experiences when canvassing for membership. Mr. Percy Clark, our Honorary Corresponding Secretary at Victoria Falls, who has just sent us a further batch of Members, writes :—

> "As an Empire Day contribution I am forwarding applications for three new Members.
>
> "As you know we are a very small community here, eight British subjects in all, and these applications will make us six strong, so it is not a bad percentage. One patriot here will not join as he cannot get a free insurance out of it and can see no benefit attached to it. 'It would only be a waste of money.'
>
> "I am afraid I am not a good correspondent, but I do a bit as far as I can. I forward and pass round all the literature you send me and show the magazine around when I have finished with it. It is a wonderful little magazine, and of the greatest interest to all who see it."

News from Head-quarters.

We have all had experience of the "what-do-I-get-out-of-it" type, and I have always found that the best answer is to tell them quite frankly at the outset, "Nothing—if that is your attitude towards the Empire we would really sooner not have you in our ranks." As a matter of fact the amount that any of us get out of our association with the Over-Seas Club is very largely dependent on what we put into it.

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MEMORIAL TREES FOR THE FALLEN.—In 1915 Mr. Fane Sewell, Secretary of the Toronto Branch, sent a consignment of maple seeds to be reared in an English nursery and then planted on the graves of Canadian soldiers in France and Flanders. Over 100 trees, now about eighteen inches high, have been transplanted to Vimy Ridge and other spots specially dedicated to Canadian dead. The idea is specially beautiful as trees are enduring and living memorials, which besides honouring our dead will help to reclothe the shell, swept country in its original beauty. We hope the example of the Toronto Branch will be widely followed, and that the seed of those trees especially representative of New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, and Newfoundland, etc., which will yet flourish in French soil, will be sent by our Members from all parts of the Empire.

* * * * *

THE TRADE BUREAU.—We are constantly receiving encouraging testimony as to the value of the Overseas Trade Bureau. This month Sir Arthur Steel Maitland, until recently head of the Overseas Trade Department, referred to our bureau in the House of Commons, as the best unofficial organisation in existence for carrying on the work of encouraging British trade enterprise. Again, Mr. Sidney Kingsmill, of 92, Victoria Street, London, tells us that it was solely owing to an introduction to Honorary Corresponding Secretaries, Messrs. C. A. Hamm, of Copenhagen, and J. B. Chalmers, of Christiania, respectively, that he was able to collect valuable commercial information which otherwise he could not possibly have obtained. The results this department is obtaining are extremely satisfactory.

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MASONIC CELEBRATION OF PEACE.—The following account of the great Masonic peace meeting has been sent us by Mr. Llewllyn Maddock: "The Royal Albert Hall was a sight never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to obtain seats in celebration of the cessation of hostilities on the 27th. Such a large representative gathering of the Freemasons had never in the history of the Craft been assembled. The following sent representatives: Quebec, Victoria, Queensland, South Africa, British Guiana, Canterbury (New Zealand), Ceylon, South China, Massachusetts, New York, New

News from Headquarters.

Jersey, Georgia, Kentucky, Columbia, Louisiana, Florida, Iowa, Michigan, California, Nebraska, Colorado, West Virginia, Montana, Arizona. We were interested to see the names of several Over-Seas Club Members on the list of those who attended, and to know that a movement is on foot to start an Over-Seas Lodge at Headquarters."

* * * * *

MIDDLE CLASS UNION.—While "Overseas" has nothing to say to any class or political creed, we would like to give a friendly word for the work which is being accomplished by the Middle Class Union which was formed in February of this year. The burden of both direct and indirect taxation undoubtedly falls most heavily on the professional man whose income has made no corresponding increases to meet the high costs of living. The Union, the first clause of whose objects is "to promote mutual understanding between all classes of the community and secure an equitable distribution of National taxation," holds a watching brief to see that no legislation unfairly prejudices the interests of the Middle Classes, and is ready to champion any individual cases of unfairness brought to its notice. Membership is only 2s. 6d. per annum and the offices are in General Buildings.

* * * * *

KITCHENER BRANCH.—The Members of the Santa Barbara Branch, California, who, on their formation in 1916, christened themselves the Kitchener Branch in honour of K. of K., have had a very happy idea in arranging for a tablet to be erected in the Church at Aspall, Suffolk, the home of Earl Kitchener's mother. Miss O. I. Ward, Secretary of the Wayfarers, kindly went to Aspall to represent Headquarters, and has sent us the following account: "Another link of Empire was forged on Tuesday, June 24th, when a tablet in memory of Earl Kitchener, subscribed for by our Santa Barbara (Kitchener) Branch was unveiled by General Sir Henry Rawlinson, G.C.B., in Aspall Church,

HORATIO HERBERT KITCHENER.
A TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND GRIEF
FROM COUNTRYMEN OVERSEAS.
OVERSEAS CLUB KITCHENER BRANCH.
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA, U.S.A.

The Memorial to Earl Kitchener erected in Aspall Church, Suffolk, by the Members of the Kitchener Branch (Santa Barbara, Cal.)

News from Head-quarters.

Suffolk. After the ceremony, General Rawlinson, who served on Lord Kitchener's staff on many occasions, including the Great War, delivered a brief address, dwelling particularly on the human side of the great 'strong and silent' soldier. The arrangements for the erection of the tablet were in the hands of Mrs. Vulliamy, sister of the Hon. Secretary of our Santa Barbara Branch, who is much to be congratulated on the beauty of the design. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Chevallier, near relatives of the late Lord Kitchener, afterwards entertained the party at Aspall Hall, where Mr. Chevallier, in a charming speech, proposed the following resolution :

> "All present to-day, wish to express their hearty appreciation of the national sympathy and brotherly feeling which prompted the Kitchener Branch of the Over-Seas Club, Santa Barbara, California, U.S.A., to erect in Aspall Church, Suffolk, a tablet which will be for ever a reminder of a noble life."

BRISBANE.—Four hundred and forty-five Members. The well-written and inspiring Annual Report for the Brisbane Branch is just to hand. The good work of Mr. W. L. Longbottom, who became Hon. Secretary early in 1918, is now making itself felt. Mr. Longbottom has established his office in the Club rooms, thus ensuring a permanent representative on the spot. Members are thus able to get first-hand information and receive a genial welcome when they visit the Club rooms. We are glad to hear how many-sided are their activities, and the Branch is doing really good propaganda work. We were glad to see from the report that the importance of "Overseas" is fully recognised. It reads : "It is our magazine, it speaks of our work and our workers all the world over, and will interest you more than you believe. It is worth five times the money asked for it. We earnestly ask you to subscribe to it and endeavour to interest as many of your friends as possible. By doing this you enlarge our sphere of usefulness and spread the gospel of the Empire." We shall watch developments from Brisbane with the keenest interest and wish the Committee all good things by the next year.

PENANG, S.S.—Our membership in the Straits Settlements is steadily increasing. We have three specially good friends there in Captain Pithie, Mr. J. G. Allen, and Mr. J. O. Davies. They are all working hard to further the interests of the Club and propose soon to call together a meeting with a view to establishing a local Branch. Our good wishes and thanks to them for all their activities.

PERNAMBUCO, BRAZIL.—One hundred and seventy-two Members (five children). Mr. Gilbert Linton, our H.C.S., is shortly paying a visit to the Old Country. In his absence, Mr. J. Cook was unanimously elected as Branch Secretary. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mr. Linton for his good work. Pernambuco has a very energetic Committee, to whose efforts it is due that the Branch subscribed £1,850 during 1918 to various war charities, including £160 to the War Memorial. Every member of the Pernambuco Branch wears the badge on all occasions. How many other Branches can say the same ?

PUNTA ARENAS.—H.C.S., Mr. John Duncan. The Punta Arenas Branch is organising a series of dances locally in aid of the War Memorial. In a little over two months forty new Members have been enrolled, and a large batch of renewals forwarded. This is simply splendid, especially when the size of Punta Arenas is taken into consideration.

ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA.—Mr. Letheby, formerly Secretary at

The Settler's Progress.

At the end of six years Colonel Harrington had "as pretty a ranch as any in the district."

The Land cleared and under Potatoes. The Fruit Trees are too young to be seen.

The present Ranch, House and Buildings, as seen from the main road, showing Laundry, Workshop, Wood Shed, Barn, and Root-house and Chicken-house in foreground.

Pictures from Catalina Island.

Sent by Mr. W. F. Wilson, Dewey Avenue, Honolulu.

A View of Avalon Bay, Catalina Island, California, U.S.A.

A Chinese Junk at Middle Harbour, Catalina Island, California.

News from Headquarters.

Pinnaroo, and Mr. F. Jolley, are anxious to form a Branch at Adelaide, and are pressing on with a membership campaign there. A meeting was called late in May, but the results are not yet known at Headquarters.

BERKELEY, CAL.—Mrs. H. Isgar, Branch Secretary. The Empire Day celebrations at San Francisco (of which Berkeley is a suburb), were a huge success. Mrs. Sedgwick, of the British Californian, produced a monster pageant at the Civic Auditorium, and over 12,000 people were present. A donation to the War Memorial was received a few weeks ago from the Branch in memory of Mr. Donald Dunnand and Mr. Pepper.

CAPE VERDE ISLANDS.—Mr. Roland E. S. Maunsell is doing good work on our behalf, and has recently sent along a splendid batch of renewals. It is a great encouragement to us to see the really live interest which our Cape Verde friends take in our progress.

ST. KITTS, B.W.I.—We have had excellent news from St. Kitts. To celebrate Empire Day, in conjunction with St. Kitts Mutual Improvement Society, a Branch of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League was inaugurated. His Honour Major Burdon, the Administrator, is patron, and some twenty-five Members have been enrolled. We are looking forward to receiving full details of this new offshoot by the next mail. This is the second Branch recently formed in the B.W.I., the other being at Antigua.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.—We have just received an encouraging letter from Mr. R. M. Glover, of the *Peterborough Examiner*, who tells us that after Mr. Jones' visit it is most probable that a strong Branch of the Club will be established locally. Mr. Glover promises us the support of the *Examiner*—a most useful help. Good luck to the enthusiasts at Peterborough !

OURO PRETO GOLD MINES, BRAZIL.—Mrs. Bensusan, our energetic H.C.S. at Ouro Preto Gold Mines, has now returned after a visit to the Old Country. Immediately on her return she sent along to Headquarters twenty-eight renewals and six new Members. This is excellent work and we are all most indebted to Mrs. Bensusan.

LIVERPOOL.—We are delighted to learn that Liverpool has now found suitable Club premises and is to take possession of them quite shortly. They will make an excellent rendezvous for the very many overseas men and women who at one time or another find themselves at the "Gate of the Empire." The Liverpool Wayfarers realise that one of their Empire duties is to learn more of the history and romance of their own country in order to be in a position to show visitors from overseas that the Old Land is indeed as full of charm and wonder as they have been taught to believe.

Their last expedition was to ancient Winwick as the guests of the Bishop of Warrington, the Rt. Rev. M. Linton Smith, who showed them over the

(Continued on p. 100.)

A Wayfarers' Picnic at Albury Heath, Surrey. Left to right, Mrs. H. Wallis, Mrs. Laurie, Miss Ward (Hostess), Mr. Ll. Maddock, Mrs. Warren. Taken by Miss Simmonds.

A Railway Journey through Manchuria, Korea and Japan

By A. N. Chesshire

A Railway Journey through Manchuria, Korea and Japan.

SHANHAIKUAN, where the Great Wall of China winds down from the hills and runs into the sea, is the last town in China proper, which is passed by the traveller by train from Peking or Tientsin, *en route* to Moukden. After going through an opening in the Great Wall the train enters Manchuria. There is little noticeable change in the surroundings. The same monotonous plain, covered (in autumn) by a waving sea of red *kaoliang*—a sort of millet, which is the chief crop in these regions—is visible as far as the eye can reach. Inhabitants are scarcer, and the women wear the curious headgear and have the undeformed feet of the Manchu ladies of Peking. Scarcity of population becomes more and more marked as the train proceeds on its way, and it is possible to travel, for many miles at a time, without seeing a single human being or a trace of one of those mud-walled villages, which are so common a sight throughout North China.

Moukden is a large town laid out in completely flat country. It consists of a Chinese City, which is a sort of replica of Peking on a smaller scale, and a Japanese Settlement, situated some distance outside the walls of the city itself. Russian and Japanese war monuments serve as a reminder that in the country round Moukden was fought the greatest battle of the Russo-Japanese War.

Soon after leaving Moukden the Great Plain of North China is left behind, and the train rolls along through some of the prettiest scenery imaginable. Hills, thickly covered with trees, and winding valleys, in which every now and again glimpses of rushing mountain streams are obtained, afford a welcome change from the monotony of the immense plain which has been left behind. Finally Antung is reached, the last town on Manchurian soil ; then, after crossing the Yalu River, the train pulls up at Shingishu, the first station in Korea.

Here, a new type of inhabitants make their appearance. No longer is the train filled to overflowing with blue-gowned Chinese, but their place is taken by individuals with baggy trousers, long white over-gowns, tied loosely in front with a sash, and wearing, perched on top of their high heads of hair, what looks more like a miniature model of a " top hat " than anything else. For the rest, the Korean men are mostly bearded and do not differ much in physical features from the Chinese, with whom they are racially closely connected.

A Railway Journey through Manchuria, Korea and Japan.

Korea itself, as viewed from its main railway line, is a very hilly country ; but as the hills, to a large extent, are rocky and bare of trees, the scenery can hardly be said to be particularly beautiful, and there is a sameness about the landscape which tends to detract from its interest after one has travelled through it for some time.

Seoul is very picturesquely situated in a semicircle of hills. The city has several fine old temples and gateways, although it is not so well provided in this respect, nor so interesting generally, as Peking. A large number of Japanese live in Seoul, and they have erected several great buildings in European style, including an hotel, which boasts of being the finest in the Far East. The streets are broad and well laid out, while electric tramways traverse the city in all directions. In fact, the almost European aspect of present-day Seoul makes it hard to realise that it is the capital of the former "Hermit Kingdom" of Korea, the "Land of the Morning Calm," which remained isolated from the rest of the world long after China itself had been opened up to trade and intercourse with foreign nations.

A day's journey from Seoul brings the traveller to Fusan, the port at the extreme south of the Korean Peninsula, whence passengers are ferried across to Shimonoseki. The vessels used to cross the Korean Straits are similar in type to those employed on the North Sea, run between England and Holland, and are comfortably fitted up. The voyage takes about eleven hours, but one is in sight of either Korea or Japan, in clear weather, for all except about two hours of the time. To the right, as one crosses, is the island of Tsushima, which gives its name to the great naval engagement of the Russo-Japanese War, which was fought in these waters.

Shimonoseki, with the smoky town of Moji opposite, is a small port of no particular interest to the traveller. A long day's journey in the train, skirting *en route* the shores of the beautiful inland sea and passing through the port of Kobe and the great manufacturing town of Osaka, with its innumerable tall chimneys, brings the traveller to Kyoto, generally acknowledged to be the finest of Japanese cities. Kyoto was the capital of Japan for about 1,000 years, before the Emperor Meiji, upon the restoration of power to the Throne, removed his capital to Tokyo in 1868. It would take many days to see all the sights of Kyoto, with its numerous temples, its Geisha and Jiujitzu schools, etc. The town itself is very finely laid out amid beautiful natural surroundings. At night the pleasure section of the city is a fascinating sight, with its gaily lit-up theatres and cinematographs and its crowds of Japanese pleasure-seekers, men, women and children, all dressed in picturesque Japanese costumes—the colours of the

A Railway Journey through Manchuria, Korea and Japan.

women's dresses so vivid and yet so artistically blended—and the wooden clogs, which all wear on their feet, making a continuous *clack clack* on the hard streets and pavements. Near by are the streets, lining the banks of the river Kamo, on which the tea-houses are situated, and here the sound of musical instruments and the voices of the Geishas are always to be heard. Kyoto by night is indeed a fairy-like spectacle, unspoiled, as it still mostly is, by the intrusion of Western civilisation.

To travel from Kyoto, the "western capital," to Tokyo, the "eastern capital," another long day in the train is necessary, but the tedium of the journey is beguiled by the beauty of the scenery along the route. The railway passes for some distance so close to the sea that the noise of the breakers is distinctly audible above the rattling of the train. Picturesque fishing villages pass by in rapid succession, and beautiful coast views are obtained at every turn in the line. But the chief attraction to passengers is undoubtedly Mount Fuji, and even those to whom this magnificent sight is no novelty can hardly help straining their eyes in an attempt to catch a first glimpse of the graceful mountain. The train is still more than 100 miles away when (in clear weather) the first view of Fujiyama is obtained. At first, scarcely bigger than an ordinary hillock, it is immediately recognised by its familiar shape. As the train speeds on, Mount Fuji gradually increases in size, until finally a point is reached only a few miles from where the slope at its base begins, and it then looms out with all the gigantic effect of its 12,000 feet. The train skirts the base of the mountain in a semicircle, and during all this time—a matter of several hours—it is in full view from the railway carriage.

On a fine day, when the summit of Fuji rises clear and distinct out of a ring of clouds half-way up it, and with perhaps another ring further down, even one who has travelled far and seen many fine sights may well doubt whether there can be, anywhere else in the world, a spectacle to compare with this. The grace and daintiness of its outline seem almost too delicate for this earth, while the grandeur of its proportions, enhanced by the fact that there are no rivals in its immediate neighbourhood, renders it a most conspicuous piece of landscape for many miles in all directions.

A few hours after passing Mount Fuji, Yokohama is reached, and then, after a short run, the train arrives at the terminus at Tokyo, the modern capital of the Japanese Empire, and the traveller from Peking, after 2,000 miles of almost continuous railway journeying, will certainly feel that he is entitled to, and in need of a few days of complete repose.

Have you found a new reader for "Overseas" this month?

FROM A WOMAN'S STANDPOINT

'Lilies are here, tall in the garden bed,
And on the moor are still the buds of May;
Roses are here—and, tolling for our dead,
The bells of Peace make summer holiday.

Bells of remembrance, on this summer eve,
Of our past, Peace and Goodwill ring in!
Ring out the relief, and let not Hate bereave
Our dreaming Dead of all they died to win."

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

AUGUST, 1914–1919.—The minds of every one of us must be full of memories of a golden summer, five short, terribly long years ago, when, to all appearances, the horizon was as calm and clear as usual. Then, one sunny June day, I remember how startled I was as I read a placard at a wayside station on my way up to London, *en route* for Germany, announcing the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife at Seragevo. I had been in Bosnia, and I knew that pretty semi-Oriental town, clambering up the hill-sides cut through the centre by a mountain torrent.

A faint suspicion crossed even my uninitiated mind that the event might have disagreeable consequences, but that it could in any conceivable way affect my life, or the lives of my friends, never for an instant occurred to me. And so, with a light heart, I left England for Nauheim on July 28th.

On the journey I heard the first murmurs of the coming storm—my compartment was full of German and Austrian women, and the guard who came to clip our tickets at the frontier, seeing one for Vienna, remarked, "They seem to be going mad there." I found that my companions, one and all, loved England, loved us as a people, loved our life and our ways. But, even as we spoke, Europe was hurtling into war, and events moved so rapidly that we were left breathless.

The nervousness of the Germans with regard to whether we should come in against themselves was obvious. They strove to reassure themselves, "The British will never join hands with those barbarians, the Russians," they said. "Are we not brothers, and come of the same stock?"

Meanwhile we waited in suspense, and made plans to leave Germany on August 3rd, but the railway lines were blocked with troop trains. Never shall I forget the ceaseless tramp, tramp of

From a Woman's Standpoint.

multitudes of peasants, in their new uniforms of *feld-grau*, that flowed endlessly towards the station, nor the trains that rumbled westwards without a pause, by day or by night.

What chance had a handful of invalids to get away? But we made the effort, only to find that the risk of being caught up in the maelstrom of military preparations and jettisoned in the process was too great for our frail party, so we returned to our hotels to await events.

How swiftly came that first shock and terror of war! What once had been a far-off reality, belonging by right to the history books of our school-days, was upon us in all its horror and savagery. What did it all mean? What was it going to mean to us and to the whole world?

As I came down to breakfast on August 5th, when Germany learnt that England had kept her word, I saw a German, long resident in London, turn pale, and heard him exclaim, "Ach, Gott im Himmel, das schlimmste ist geschehen" ("God in Heaven, the worst has happened!"). He knew, as every German in his heart knew, though he would not admit it, that their plans, so marvellously and so minutely thought out, had, at the very start, been foiled.

The German nation promptly lost its head. The man in the street was busy planning how England was to be organised; some had decided which hotels they were to stay at in London six weeks hence. Every Briton, so I was told, was to be taught German; our army was to be reduced to 50,000 men; we were to pay £50,000,000 annually "in der Ewigkeit" ("for Eternity"); we were not only to be conquered, we were to be converted from our evil ways, and forced along the lines of German Kultur, for our own good. They even went so far, when they could spare thought for any other nation—I saw them myself—as to pore over maps of Paris, re-naming her streets.

They were entirely serious over the whole business; looked pityingly at me, a mere woman and an English woman at that, when I expressed scepticism. Sometimes I wondered if I were in Bedlam or whether we were all mad together.

* * * * *

And now peace has come.

All Saturday, the 28th June, we waited expectantly, ears acock, but could not rest. I wandered over to the south side of the river. Little boys were playing cricket in Battersea Park; lovers were strolling along the paths; in the neighbouring streets people came to the windows, every now and then, ostensibly to arrange a flag, but in reality to listen for the guns. Although the news came through before mid-day, it was not until the evening that the guns, booming from one side of London to the other proclaimed to the world that the final scene in the greatest drama in history had come to an end.

From a Woman's Standpoint.

That night, from a roof in Chelsea, I watched the searchlights make strange patterns on the sky, and saw the fireworks whisk up above the buildings and, curving suddenly, flash out in showers of coloured stars. The river flowed at my feet, dim and quiet, laden with the secrets of centuries.

The shrill scream of children dancing round little bonfires rose from the streets below. Motors slid rapidly past, carrying men and women to the heart of London, to Trafalgar Square, where a noisy throng sang and danced.

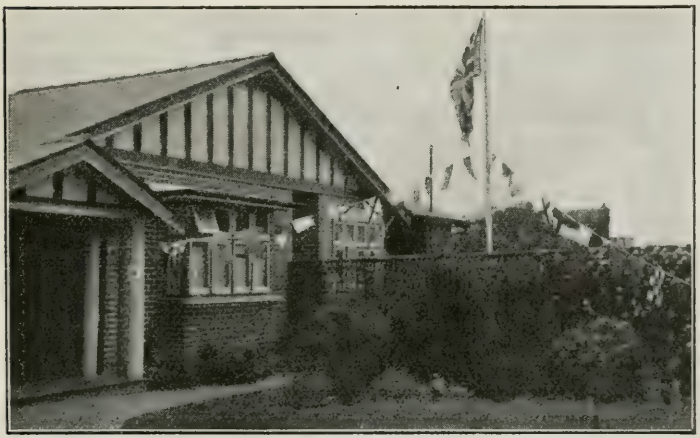
I was glad to be away from it all.

My mind slipped back over the years that have gone, trying to grasp their significance. Confused memories of personal sensations, trivial, startling, comic or heart-breaking, intermingled with experiences that we all shared. Images of scenes—the death agonies of a dying age that I had seen or read of—passed in review before my inner eye; troop trains going to the front, packed with cheering, careless boys; Red Cross trains returning with those same soldiers broken and suffering; terrible head-lines recording deeds unthinkable only a few months before; the Menin Road, straight, monotonous, endless, cutting through the awful desolation of the battlefields, quiet at last; Vimy Ridge, its trenches and dug-outs silent and empty, with hosts of stiff little wooden crosses marking the gardens of sleep.

* * * * *

It is all over now, and, with an effort, the world is staggering to its feet, facing the dawn of a new era.

A WAYFARER.



"My Home on Armistice Day." The flags are signal ones, and in flag language mean "God Save the King." Sent by Mr. H. G. Jackson, "Lugano," Bates St., East Malvern, Melbourne, Australia.

By A. St. John Adcock

My Month's Reading.

IT is complained of us that, as a nation, we are indifferent to history, even our own ; but the blame for this rests at least as much on those who write our histories as on those who ought to read them. History is, or ought to be, a true story of real people and real events, and there is no earthly reason why it should not be as full of colour and life and interest as any tale of fictitious events and imaginary men and women. Macaulay knew that ; he confessed that his aim was to write a history that should be as interesting as a novel, and he did it. Sober, stolid historians, who make a virtue of not being able to do that, look down upon him accordingly, as they look down upon Froude, for much the same reason. The assumption seems to be that no history can be at once very readable and sufficiently reliable. I say sufficiently because even the most decorously dull history has its inaccuracies. But the truth is that what we badly need is that some competent, imaginative man of letters should arise and write history for us in such fashion that his book shall not be merely a useful museum of dead facts but a glowing human story in which all the facts shall be alive and the characters so interesting in themselves that the average intelligent person will not read it only as a matter of education but for the sheer pleasure of the reading. That should be easy enough, if our scholars would but learn how to write, for all history is in itself most variously and intensely interesting.

CHRONICLES OF THE EMPIRE.—If you don't know this already, I would advise you to devote a few days to reading three volumes, published in these last ten years by or for the League of the Empire, which, I understand, has just amalgamated with the Over-Seas Club —" The British Empire," " The Story of the Empire," and " The British Empire and its History." In a preface to the first of these volumes Mr. A. F. Pollard explains that this account of the British Empire owes its origin to the generosity of the late Mr. Louis Spitzel and the late Mr. Thomas Henry Monk. The object of the series, like that of the league itself, is primarily educational : " Its essential purpose is to promote a knowledge and, what is more important, an understanding of the Empire as it is and of the causes which have brought it into being, and to provide that minimum of information without which all discussion of Imperial questions is barren, if not productive of positive mischief. The secondary

The Irish Moke at Work.

Excellent Photographs sent by the Rt. Hon. F. Wrench, Killacoona, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin.

Butter and Eggs to Galway Market.

A Load of Hay in Co. Leitrim. The Donkey does not seem at all perturbed at the size of its burden.

The Human Fly.

Mr. Jack Williams, of Santa Barbara, Cal., has earned this name by scaling the walls of New York Skyscrapers and other buildings.

A crowd in front of the Post Office at Santa Barbara, watching the "Human Fly" scaling the walls of the San Marcos building.

Nearly up. Mr. Williams is seen on the left of the picture leaving the foothold afforded by the top window. The smooth, slanting ledges of the San Marcos proved specially difficult. Photos sent us by Mr. J. Mackay, now in England.

object is to make further provision for education in the Empire. The expense of the series having been already met, all the proceeds will be devoted to the furtherance of education without distinction of class, creed or colony."

The contributors to the first volume include writers "of all shades of opinion and from all quarters of the Empire." It is the work "of no one school of politics and represents no single standpoint. It has not been inspired from Downing Street, and no effort has been made to impose upon it a fictitious uniformity of view." On the broadest possible lines it unfolds the chronicle of the Empire from its foundation. A first section is devoted to the British Isles, its physical features, racial factors, growth of nationality, industrial revolutions, commercial expansion, political emancipation, central and local government, social and foreign problems ; a second section is given to Canada and Newfoundland ; and others to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, the Crown Colonies and Protectorates, the East and West Indies, British East and West Africa, Egypt and the Sudan, and the Sea Links of the Empire ; and a concluding chapter discusses lucidly and succinctly the Empire's future organisation. No more wonderful story was ever told than this of how these small islands have grown into the vastest Empire the world has ever seen, and more than ever, in these days, it is well that the people of our race should have the knowledge of their inheritance, its splendour and its responsibilities, that is made accessible to them in this book and its successors.

The other two books in the series are based on the first and cover much the same ground more concisely. The first is intended for the general adult reader, for school teachers and university students ; the second, "The British Empire and its History," is a text-book for students in the higher forms of schools ; and the third, "The Story of the Empire," for middle forms of secondary schools and the highest classes of elementary schools.

"OUTBACK IN AUSTRALIA."—A six-year-old book that I have just read in a new edition is Captain Harris's "Outback in Australia," a delightfully entertaining narrative of a journey overland in a one-horse sulky from Newcastle, New South Wales, to Adelaide, South Australia, a trip which covered some two thousand four hundred miles, there and back. Captain Harris's pictures of life among the bushmen, his sketches of character and scenery in the lonely, outback stretches of Australia are vividly and admirably done. He is a shrewd observer, with a sense of humour, and his record is as valuable for the facts it gives as it is enjoyable for the pleasant anecdotal manner in which he has written it.

THE OLD CONTEMPTIBLES.—More than any other writer of fiction, Boyd Cable has been the historian of the Old Contemptibles.

My Month's Reading.

He knew them ; he was at the War himself ; and he has enabled us to know them, their droll humour, their rough kindliness, their unshakable courage, with a wonderful intimacy. He has done as much in "Airmen o' War" for the British fliers who fought the Hun in the skies, and tells with all his accustomed gusto and imaginative realism a series of tales that, for thrilling adventure and alternating comedy and tragedy, are equal to the best of his own war stories—and there are none better.

MR. W. L. GEORGE'S NOVEL.—Undoubtedly the War brought out splendid qualities in the men who went a-fighting, but did it do the same in the men and women who stayed and worked or talked at home? Perhaps not; certainly not, if W. L. George's "Blind Alley" is an accurate presentation, as I believe it is, of the effect the War had on the minds and morals of town and country civilians under its four years of stress and strain. Its general influence was demoralising, and it demoralises the women of this story even more than the men. It is ably written, with a strong bite in the humour and irony of it, and it is mercilessly true within its limits. That the War made of too many of our homefolk what it makes of those who figure in "Blind Alley" is undeniable ; but it touched others to fine issues, and only one such, and that a rather unsatisfactory one, is included in Mr. George's gallery. But the thing is brilliantly done—a clever story, and a powerful morality for those who think that justice should only be done when it can be done without difficulty, who do not realise that the war-maker kills more than his millions on the field, and that if wholesale murder by important persons is to go unpunished we can no longer, with any decency, send an unimportant retail murderer to the gallows.

Two other novels you should not fail to read are "The Sleeping Partner," by M. P. Willcocks, a capital story of love and business, in which the two chief characters are London publishers ; and Miss Muriel Hine's charmingly out-of-the-common love romance, "The Hidden Valley."

SOME BOOKS OF THE MONTH.—General Literature : "The British Empire : Its Past, Its Present and Its Future," edited by A. F. Pollard. 5s. net. (The League of the Empire.) "The British Empire and its History," by Edward G. Hawke. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net. (John Murray.) "The Story of the Empire," by Gerald T. Hankin. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (John Murray.) "Outback in Australia," by Captain Walter Kilroy Harris, D.S.O., M.C. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Letchworth : Garden City Press.) Fiction : "Airmen o' War," by Boyd Cable. 6s. net. (Murray.) "Blind Alley," by W. L. George. 9s. net. (Unwin.) "The Sleeping Partner," by M. P. Willcocks. 6s. 9d. net. (Hutchinson.) "The Hidden Valley," by Muriel Hine. 7s. net. (John Lane.)

Children's Holidays and Hobbies

[*We are anxious to develop our Home-Maker's section and make it of great value to our women readers in all parts of the world. We have been fortunate enough to secure the co-operation of Mrs. Ernestine Mills, a well-known authority on all matters pertaining to the home. Mrs. Mills will be delighted to receive criticisms or suggestions from readers.—Editor.*]

The Overseas Home-Maker.

ONE of our wise men, writing on education, said, " Let each considering person have his own way and see what it will lead to." If we could only turn our children into " considering persons " we might safely leave them to enjoy their own way in the holidays. Failing this, their parents must do what they can to help them. If all mothers were considering persons they would co-operate a great deal more, especially in the holidays when they might combine to facilitate catering and cooking, and so ensure a holiday for themselves as well as for the children. After food, clothing is the most necessary consideration, and we notice an immense improvement of late years in holiday clothes. Many of us remember the tears and trials endured by the unfortunate little girls of twenty years ago, who were dressed in white frilly frocks and numerous petticoats, which their nurses or mothers expected them to keep clean and tidy all day at the seaside. It always seems to me most important to let children do exactly what they want to do, provided no danger to themselves and no special inconvenience to other people is entailed. Much of the so-called naughtiness of children is entirely the fault of their elders, who thwart the quite reasonable wishes of the young merely to save themselves trouble. Children at a very early age, reason out these things for themselves, and see through the inconsistencies of grown-ups in the most startling manner.

Children at the seaside naturally want to paddle and to sit in wet pools and cover themselves with sand and seaweed—and mud if necessary. Fortunately it is now easy and safe for them to do so, the invention of those priceless oilskin garments known as " paddlers " has saved the situation. And nowadays in most holiday resorts in England we see boys and girls alike attired in knitted jerseys and knickers, saving immense work and worry to

The Overseas Home-Maker.

both mothers and children. With a knitted suit and a pair of paddlers washing and mending are reduced to a minimum, and the freedom of movement to girls is an incalculable advantage. It is now only among the least cultured classes that we see children suffering from frills and finery. It has recently been suggested by a medical man that much of the irritability of babies and young children in the summer is due to the eye strain caused by the glare of the sun on white clothing and draperies. To replace white perambulator covers, cot covers, and curtains, with soft green or blue might certainly be restful to little eyes, and might prove an experiment worth trying.

Nowadays children have such good times at school that they need more in the way of occupation in holiday time. Most children have a natural desire to collect live creatures, and few things can afford more amusement than a well-managed aquarium. I say well-managed, for a heterogeneous collection of unhappy minnows and newts in pickle bottles, or sea anemones in tin pails, is very soon nothing but a horrid mess, whereas with a little trouble an aquarium is a source of interest all the year round. The worst form of all is the round bowl in which we are accustomed to see melancholy goldfish revolving. No fish like to be constantly in the light, and a globe is quite the wrong shape, because too small a surface of water is exposed to the air. An oblong tank with only two or three sides exposed to the light is best, and a capable boy could easily construct quite a serviceable one for himself.

There are many useful little books on the management of aquaria. With careful adjustment of animal and vegetable life very little attention is needed when once the aquarium is set going, but it must of course be remembered that all live things need feeding and many aquarium inmates perish miserably for want of suitable food.

Fresh water is, in my experience, easier to manage than salt, although I am acquainted with three beautiful anemones who have lived, with numerous progeny, for sixteen years in one aquarium, the loss by evaporation being made up by the periodical addition of fresh water.

With a little direction the wild flowers of a district can be made the subject for half a dozen hobbies. Collected on fine days and carefully pressed, their naming and arrangement occupies any wet afternoons. When a child has learned to know the flowers of its own district, and to recognise the different groups and varieties, it has a source of pleasure which lasts all its life.

Agriculturalists are suffering in England owing to the destruction in recent years of our small birds. Unfortunately one of our Government departments in a moment of panic for our food supply, suggested rewarding school children for the destruction of the eggs of birds which were considered to damage crops. One would have

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thought that any reasonable person would know that if boys are sent birds'-nesting they are hardly likely to discriminate between the egg of a sparrow or any other small bird. Consequently the caterpillars which should have nourished countless nestlings in the Spring, have had it all their own way. In many districts one sees young fruit trees bare of a single leaf, and the Sussex oaks look as if it were mid-winter, except that countless caterpillars hang from every twig. I believe the Board of Agriculture has now issued another leaflet revoking their former advice, pointing out that even birds who eat grain or fruit as adults, feed their young on insects, and thus render services for their keep.

If egg collection is a chosen hobby, children should be taught never to take more than one egg from each nest, and to disturb the nest as little as possible. Photographing animals and birds in their natural homes is a fascinating hobby, and gives the excitement of hunting without the slaughter. To hide in a clump of bullrushes with a camera and wait for the moorhen to return to her nest, to climb a cliff and snapshot the baby seagull swallowing a sprat, or even to get a good photo of a thrush dividing a worm among its brood,—are not these things excitement enough for any normal child? If we interest our children in the real things about them they will not grow up with a craving for crowds and cinemas, their eyes will be opened to all that is beautiful and interesting in nature. In these things their parents can share their delight, and children so brought up will not be like a small brother and sister who, the other day, hand in hand after an interview with a very old-fashioned governess remarked pensively, "Sometimes we wish we could live alone together, with no grown-up people."

ERNESTINE MILLS.

The Best Way

All senders of Best Way tips are entitled to nominate a friend to receive six free issues of "Overseas."

The Best Way.

O MAKE A GOOD SHAVING SOAP.—Save all scraps of good toilet soap and put them into a jar; when sufficient, cover with water and place in oven until melted.

TO FRESHEN THE COLLAR OF A COAT WHEN IT BECOMES SHINY.—Sponge the collar with a cloth moistened with ammonia or vinegar. It will lose its shiny look, and all spots will disappear.

BURNS.—If anything better can be obtained it is not advisable to use the old-fashioned remedy of mashed potato for burns. If severely burned send for a doctor, and to relieve the pain, pending his arrival, it is safe to immerse the burnt part in tepid water. Or cover with vaseline or olive oil and dredge with flour, or, better still, boracic powder or zinc powder.

The Best Way.

WEST INDIAN CAKE.—Take a quarter pound of butter, half a pound of flour, half a gill of milk, two eggs, an ounce or two of fine sugar, two ounces of orange peel, four ounces of currants, the rind of half a lemon, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, a little grated nutmeg. Rub the butter in the flour and the sugar, then add the milk, which should be boiling, the eggs well beaten, the lemon rind grated ; then add the nutmeg, currants (which should be washed, dried and picked), orange peel (finely chopped), and lastly the baking powder. Mix all this thoroughly, put in a buttered and papered cake tin, and bake in a good hot oven for about an hour.—Miss Alice Kennedy.

TO CLEAN FELT HATS AND SPATS.—For cleaning light-coloured felt corn meal is very satisfactory. Put the article in a pan with some meal, rubbing it well in with the fingers or a nail brush, then remove it and give it a thorough brushing with a clean brush or whisk.

TO BAKE POTATOES QUICKLY.—If sweet or other potatoes are greased before being put in the oven they will bake in half the time. Or pour boiling water over them in a saucepan, cover, and put on the stove for five or ten minutes, then remove potatoes and put in the oven ; they will bake much more quickly.

MARMALADE EGG SHAKE.—This is a pleasant way of taking egg and milk. Take one egg, two tablespoonfuls of orange marmalade, and half a tumbler of milk. Separate the yolk and the white of the egg, beat the white until stiff. Add one tablespoonful of marmalade, beat again, and pour into a tall glass. Beat the yolk of the egg with one tablespoonful of marmalade and two tablespoonfuls of milk, add the rest of the milk and strain into the glass. Put on ice for a few minutes if possible.

POTTED SALMON.—(Excellent for summer sandwiches.) Pound to a paste the contents of a tin of salmon (or an equivalent amount of fresh salmon if procurable), add two breakfastcupfuls of bread crumbs, and one well-beaten egg. Melt two ounces of butter, add salt and pepper, beat and mix all thoroughly, pour into pots and cover with melted butter or fat.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—Take a quarter pound of chocolate, a quarter pound of butter, a quarter pound of sugar, two and a half ounces of flour, three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Grate the chocolate and heat it in the oven, mix the ingredients thoroughly, and bake in a moderate oven.

KEDGEREE.—(A useful breakfast dish.) Flake any cold cooked fish, either fresh or smoked, remove all bones and skin. Have ready in a saucepan some rice, boiled and strained, allowing one teacupful of rice to two breakfastcupfuls of fish. Mix into rice two or three hard-boiled eggs, well chopped, a pinch of chopped parsley, and salt and pepper to taste. Stir in the fish, add a little butter, stir over a brisk fire, and serve very hot.

LEMON CHEESE.—Take two ounces of butter, seven ounces of castor sugar, the grated rind and the strained juice of two lemons. Put into a saucepan and stir over the fire until the butter and sugar are dissolved. Let this cool, and when quite cold add two eggs, beaten and strained ; return the mixture to the saucepan, but on no account let it boil. Pour into jars and use cold.

TOMATO KETCHUP.—One dozen tomatoes, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, one dessertspoonful of salt, one head of garlic (chopped fine), two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and a small quantity of cayenne. Choose ripe tomatoes, put them in a stoneware jar, and place in a rather cool oven until quite tender (this may take three or four hours). When cold remove the skins and stalks, mix the pulp with the liquor in the jar, add all the other ingredients, mix well together, put into bottles (do not strain it), and seal the corks.

The Overseas War Memorial

By E. W.

The Overseas War Memorial.

WITH a total of over £13,000 the Overseas War Memorial Fund has completed the first of the twelve stages of its journey. But let us not forget that we have got eleven more stages to go, and for that reason I would ask all our good friends overseas to re-double their efforts on our behalf. We hope that every reader of "Overseas" will follow the example of some of those Members who are setting aside a definite sum, no matter how small, each month till we have reached our goal of £150,000.

One Member has promised £1 a month till the fund is completed. Another, Mr. F. H. Koenitz, of Sourabaya, Java, has promised £1 a week. Many examples of the splendid generosity of our Members such as these are most encouraging, and they show that with true Over-Seas Club spirit the magnitude of the task in no way daunts them. Those who were less in earnest might be appalled by the size of the undertaking, but we Members of the Over-Seas Club have tackled so many big jobs in the past that we like to have something difficult to do to prove that our patriotism does not consist of words but of deeds.

It would be enormously encouraging, all the same, for those of us at Headquarters, who are giving our service and our time to the cause, if by our tenth birthday (August 27th, 1920) we could see our goal within sight. May I, therefore, ask you—each one of you—to see what you can do to make the pointer of our War Memorial scales point in the right direction? So far only 3,000 Members have actually contributed.

We want our War Memorial to the memory of the men who fell in the cause of freedom to include the name of every Member of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League. As soon as £20,000 is reached we hope to provide details as to our plans.

THREE BOYS.—"The proposed War Memorial has our full sympathy. Unfortunately, there is such a big call on our purse at present from all sides, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, the East-End Mission, enormous income-tax, and prices of everything, that it is very difficult to meet one's liabilities. However, we would like to contribute what we can, especially as three of our boys have given their lives in this war—Eric, Urban, and George Stevenson, who died in France or Belgium—whilst their brothers, William and Reginald, were severely wounded, Harold was taken prisoner in Kut, and has only recently been released by the Turks, and Charles is still in Egypt, sick with malaria. Their sister was a matron at a Military Hospital in France. Surely this family has sacrificed all they could. Eric, Urban and George should have their names in your Book. I enclose £3 3s. with extreme regret that we are unable to do more at present."—Dr. S. J. D. Esser, Rustenburg, Transvaal, S. Africa.

OVERSEAS

The "Overseas" War Memorial Scales.

The dial shows over £13,000 collected, of which £601 was received last month. We have still a long way to go before reaching the desired total of £150,000.

A FITTING TRIBUTE.—"I would like to express my sympathy with your splendid undertaking in the erecting of an Overseas War Memorial, and also with the other schemes you have in mind, all of which I think are right and fitting tributes to the men who have given their lives or suffered in this War.

"I admire the courage of the organisers of this tremendous project, and can fully appreciate the need for financial help from all overseas subscribers."—Miss L. Reay, Levuka, Fiji.

"EVERY MICKLE, ETC."—"Enclosed please find demand draft for £5, my subscription to the War Memorial Fund, and I trust the Fund is fast approaching the limit suggested.

"I regret that my contribution should be so small, but every one knows the saying, 'Every little helps,' and was it not Robbie Burns, who wrote, 'Many a mickle makes a muckle,' and this is my 'mickle' towards the 'muckle.'"—W. A. Hamilton, The London Assurance Corporation (United States Branch), No. 84, William Street, New York, U.S.A.

OVERWHELMING SUCCESS. — "May your labours for the 'Overseas Memorial' meet with their greatest reward — its overwhelming success." — J. G. Gosling, Cleveland Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, U.S.A.

A DIAMOND DIGGER'S LETTER.—"I am enclosing another instalment of £1 towards the Overseas War Memorial Fund. I hope, although I cannot promise, that I may be able to send you something more for the Fund very shortly, so that it may reach you about Empire Day; but being a diamond digger, you will understand that so much depends on whether one's luck is in or out."—J. E. Cudden, P.O., Koosfontein, via Bloemhof, Transvaal.

We want the help of every reader of "Overseas" so that we can :—

(1) Erect in the heart of the Empire a building dedicated to the men of the Old Country and Overseas, which will be devoted to the interests of British subjects from across the seas for all time.

(2) Draw closer in the bonds of comradeship British subjects in all parts of the world.

The money in hand is invested in War Bonds, and a balance sheet of the Overseas War Memorial Fund will be prepared by our auditors, Messrs. E. Layton Bennett & Co., 81, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C., and a copy sent in due course to every subscriber.

OVERSEAS

The Overseas War Memorial.

LIST No. 17.

	£	s.	d.
John Drysdale, Townsville, Queensland, Australia	100	0	0
The Magellan Branch of the Over-Seas Club, Punta Arenas, S. America, *per* J. Duncan	35	17	11
Dr. T. C. Dillon, £6; Lin Dillon, £1 10s.; W. T. Barrett, £3; A. H. E. Cooper, £3; Philip P. Edwards, £3; J. C. Woodhead, £3; C. H. Martin, £1 10s.; C. Bateman, £3; T. Williamson, £3; A. Heffel, £1; H. Butler, £1, *per* W. Jardine, Porto Alegre Branch, Brazil, South America	34	10	5
T. Williamson, £3; Capt. Booth, £6; Dr. T. C. Dillon, £3; Lin Dillon, £1 10s.; C. H. Martin, £1 10s.; C. Bateman, £3; J. C. Woodhead, £3; Philip P. Edwards, £3; W. T. Barrett, £3; Thomas King, £2 8s. 9d.; A. Heffell, £1 10s., *per* W. Jardine, Porto Alegre	30	18	9
Herbert Hardy, $10; F. Batt, $145; K. Murray, $20; F. Shepherd, $4; G. Morrison, $4; E. Wirgenius, $4; J. Shoesmith, $20; W. Rice, $345; Mrs. Cater, $15; Club Boc, $63.75; Proceeds of Social Evening, $50, *per* J. L. Duncan, Punta Arenas, Chile, South America	28	17	11
Nurse D. J. Mullen. Auking, Aukwei Province, China	25	0	0
J. Bennett, Windsor Print Works, North Adams, Mass. (" *Subscribed by the Members of local British Club, In memory of Alex McNicol & John Nichol Elliot* ")	20	16	8
P. A. H. Chambers, $5; A. R. Wilson, $5; C. J. Head, $5; J. Wheeler, $5; W. F. Tyrer, $5; M. J. Timmins, $5; R. H. Nash, $5; A. H. Oliver, $5; C. J. Watson, $5; E. M. da Silva, $5; J. Perpetuo, $5; S. da Luz, $5; L. de Britto, $5; N. L. Martin, $5 (" *In memory of George Bell Miller, 2nd Lieut. R.F.C. Missing since night of May 1st, 1917* "), *per* C. J. Head, Shanghai and Hongkong Wharf Co., Ltd., Shanghai, China	13	16	5
Mr. and Mrs. Fred Gibson, Motusa, Rotuma, *via* Levuka, Fiji Islands	12	12	0
Hawaiian Island Donation, *per* E. Madden, Hawaii Railway Co., Ltd., Mahukona, Hawaii Territory, U.S.A.	12	5	10
Dr. A. J. Hood, Potts Point, Sydney, N.S.W. (" *In Memory of Private Sydney Tasker, S.A. Field Force* ") £5 5s.; Miss Margaret Hood, Potts Point, Sydney, N.S.W. (" *In memory of Private Eric Dunne, 2nd August, Machine Gun Co., 6th Batt., A.I.F.* "), £5 5s.	10	10	0
Mary C. Fry, £5 (" *In memory of her brother, George L. Clifton, Lieut. in R.F.C.* "); John C. Fry, £5 (" *In memory Capt. H. Phil Fry, 10th Light Horse, A.I.F.* ")	10	0	0
P. E. Suttie, Box No. 8, Calcutta	10	0	0
F. G. Becke, King Edward Hotel, Hongkong, China	10	0	0
W. E. Holl, 43, Harley House, N.W. 1	10	0	0
John Clerk, Compania Cubana, Tana, Prov. de Camaguey, Cuba	10	0	0
Thomas Barclay, Tainau, Formosa, Japan (" *In memory of James Douglas Gibson, killed in France 25th March, 1918, and Michael Wilson* ")	6	6	0
Henry H. Baird, Hastings, Barbados	5	5	0
John C. Mackechine, Poste Restante, Hongkong, China	5	5	0
W. J. Stainton, 64, Woodward Ave., Buffalo, N.Y. (" *In memory of Elmer Stainton, Toronto, Canada* ")	5	4	2
Donation from Berkeley Branch, Over-Seas Club, *per* Mrs. H. Isgar, Hon. Sec. (" *In memory of two former Secretaries of our Club: Donald Dunn and Herbert Pepper* ")	5	4	0
T. Astwood Smith, Cluster Cottage, Warwick, E. Bermuda (" *In memory of four young cousins, 2nd Lieut. Stuart Astwood, 2nd Lieut. Robert Lightbourn, 2nd Lieut. Stanley P. Watson, and Pte. J. Lea Smith (all of Bermuda)*)	5	0	0
Mrs. A. L. Rathbone and daughter, Port Shepstone, Natal, South Africa (" *In memory of Sid Rathbone, killed in Flanders, October, 1917* ")	5	0	0
H. Whale, 14, Osborne Road, Cape Town (" *In memory of South Africans* ")	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. A. Macadam, Plaza Zabala 1419, Montevideo, Uruguay	5	0	0
A. M. Woodgate, East Sheen, London, S.W.	5	0	0
T. C. Sladden, P.O. Koosfontein, *via* Bloemhof, Transvaal	5	0	0
J. H. Rogers, Caixa 571, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (" *In memory of T. W. Bevan, Jr., Captain of the Royal Engineers, October 22nd, 1918* ")	5	0	0
Philip T. Clement, Clement & Co., Channel, Newfoundland	5	0	0
Nora F. Cattley, Pension Stamm, Berne, Switzerland (" *In memory of C.R.C.* ")	5	0	0
C. A. Peel, Canton, China	5	0	0
A. E. Danks, Casilla 749, Antofagasta, Chile	5	0	0
H. R. Freeman, Ashtead, Surrey	5	0	0
Arthur Barton Kent, 75, Farringdon Road, E.C.	5	0	0
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Fisher, £2 2s. 0d.; Beryl and Herbert Fisher, 10s.; Wm. Macdonald Stranack, c/o National Bank of S. Africa, Ltd., Newcastle, Natal 10s. (" *In memory of Lieut. W. G. Stranack, 2nd South African Infantry, killed in Egypt* ")	3	2	0
	£470	12	1
Total of sums received under £5	130	12	9
Acknowledged last month	12,671	0	1
Grand total	£13,272	4	11

[The Overseas Trade Bureau aims at being of use to Members. Genuine Trade enquiries are welcomed and suggestions invited. Members seeking markets for their goods have the free use of our pages. The object of the Overseas Trade Bureau is to develop British Empire Trade. We hope our readers will send in Trade hints and tell us of local opportunities.—Editor.]

Overseas Trade Bureau.

RABBIT SKINS.—"I have posted by this mail three rabbit skins. Will you kindly submit these to any British manufacturer interested?"—Enquiry 739, Alexandria, Egypt.

The rabbit skins forwarded by our Member were young stretched skins, worth in trade to-day 9d. per dozen. If they were allowed to become fully grown before killing, they would be worth 3d. each to-day. We submitted the skins to Messrs. Sennett Bros., Castle Yard Factory, Holland Street, Southwark, S.E. 1, who wrote direct to our enquirer.

SECOND-HAND CINEMA FILMS.—"I would be glad if you could put me in touch with a firm dealing in second-hand cinema films, especially those films which show the manufacturing industries and shipping facilities of Great Britain."—Enquiry 722, Nicaragua, Central America.

The Cross' Pictures, Ltd., 22, Frith Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., who are dealers in second-hand pictures of this description, sent our Member a list of films for sale or hire, together with price lists.

ENTOMOLOGICAL COLLECTORS' SUPPLIES.—"Would you be good enough to ask one or two firms which supply such things to send me their priced catalogues of entomological collectors' supplies: collecting pins and trays, setting boards, store boxes, etc.?"—Enquiry 723, Belize, British Honduras.

Messrs. Flatters & Garnett, 309, Oxford Road, Manchester, and Messrs. Watkins & Doncaster, 36, Strand, W.C. 2, sent the required catalogues and price lists.

PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—"I should be indebted for the names and addresses of two or three reliable paper mills turning out: (a) typewriting and writing papers, (b) newspaper."—Enquiry 724, Weston-super-Mare.

We forwarded our Member the following names, pointing out at the same time that the newspaper mills are at present fully occupied with orders:—Writing Paper: *J. Dickinson & Co., Ltd., 65, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4, and A. E. Reed & Co., Ltd., South Darenth, Kent.* Typewriting Paper: *J. Allen & Sons, Ltd., Stowford Mills, Ivybridge, S. Devon, and James R. Crompton, 2, Queenhithe, London, E.C. 4.* News Print: *C. Marsden & Sons, Ltd., Dearne Paper Works, Barnsley, Yorks.; Ramsbottom Paper Mill Co., Ltd., Ramsbottom, near Manchester; and Star Paper Mill Co., Ltd., Feniscowles, near Blackburn.*

OVERSEAS

Overseas Trade Bureau.

MACHINERY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF LACE CURTAINS.—"Could you give me a list of manufacturers of machinery for lace curtains?"—Enquiry 725, Mexico, Central America.

We forwarded our Member the following names:—J. Cooper, Lenton, Nottingham; Long Eaton Lace Machine Building Co., Ltd., Long Eaton, Derby; Wallis & Longden, Long Eaton, Derby; S. Husbands & Co., Long Eaton, Derby; Newton & Pycroft, Nottingham.

RUSSIAN TRADE.—"Could you give me the names of one or two firms interested in export trade with Russia, especially those interested in sawmills machinery?"—Enquiry 726, Woolwich.

The following firms are interested in Russian trade:—A. Ransome & Co., Ltd., Stanley Works, Newark-on-Trent; Thos. Robinson & Son, Ltd., Railway Works, Rochdale; Haighs, Ltd., Plane Street, Oldham.

TILE AND BRICK-MAKING MACHINERY.—"Would you ask one or two manufacturers of brick-making machinery to send me copies of their catalogues?"—Enquiry 727, Khartoum.

The Brightside Foundry and Engineering Co., 28, Victoria Street, S.W., and Messrs. John Whitehead & Co., Ltd., Albert Works, Preston, Lancs., sent copies of catalogues as requested.

PLANT FOR THE SPINNING OF HAIR.—"Would you put me in touch with one or two firms who are considered to be likely suppliers of plant for the spinning of hair?"—Enquiry 728, France.

We sent our enquirer the following names:—Prince, Smith & Son, Burlington Shed, Keighley; Lawsons, Hope Foundry, Leeds; Jas. Taylor, Osborne Engineering Works, Osborne Street, Bradford.

MACHINERY FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF GALVANISED WIRE NETTING.—"Would you give me the addresses of manufacturers of machinery for the manufacture of galvanised wire netting?"—Enquiry 729, Bournemouth.

We sent the following names to our enquirer:—Bond & Cooper, Crown Machine Works, Handsworth, Birmingham; L. Le Personne & Co., 99, Cannon Street. E.C.; Wilmott & Cobon, 26/34, Rotherhithe Street, London, S.E. 16.

FROM PUNTA ARENAS.—"It was proposed at our last meeting that now we have the convenience we should be pleased to further British commercial interests in these parts amongst British merchants, provided firms at home would supply us with their catalogues, etc., which we would be pleased to place at the disposal of all British subjects."—G. A. Fugellie, Casilla 95, Punta Arenas, Chile, South America.

BAKERS' MACHINERY AND SUPPLIES.—"I would like to hear from some good firms in Great Britain which manufacture bakers' machinery and supplies, such as almond paste, wedding cake ornaments, and confectionery. There is a large territory for such goods here."—Enquiry 731, Manitoba, Canada.

The following firms communicated direct:—Machinery: *T. Melvin & Sons, Ltd., St. Rollox Iron Works, Glasgow; David Thomson, Ltd., Engineers, Edinburgh.* Ornaments and Supplies: *Joseph Sleap, 14, 14a, 16, Ardleigh Road, London, N.; United Yeast Co., Ltd., 190, St. John Street, Clerkenwell, E.C. 1.*

SWITZERLAND.—"I am president of La Commerciale Parsons, S.A., and I would be interested in corresponding with British firms who wish to consider the placing of an agency for their goods in Switzerland."—Enquiry 732, Switzerland.

OVERSEAS

Overseas Trade Bureau.

OLIVE OIL.—" Could you put me in touch with British firms in England, Canada, and the U.S.A. who are interested as buyers of olive oil ? "—Enquiry 733, Spain.

Messrs. Elkington & Co., 101, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3, communicated with our Member in this connection.

MOTOR CYCLE SPECIALIST.—" I have just started as a motor-cycle specialist, and am prepared to do the best I can for Members as regards overhauls, repairs, buying and selling."—Enquiry 734, Southend-on-Sea.

ICED DRINK PARLOUR OUTFIT.—" I wish to obtain an outfit for an iced drink parlour on the American system. I should require a fountain and accessories, and should also be glad of information as to how to make the various drinks, such as are usually served at these places."—Enquiry 735, Nottingham.

Messrs. Ernest, West & Beynon, Ltd., 80/82, Belvedere Road, Lambeth, S.E., sent full particulars of their most up-to-date outfit.

UMBRELLA MANUFACTURERS.—" We shall be glad if you will give us the names of manufacturers of material for covering umbrella frames, also manufacturers of umbrella frames."—Enquiry 637, Coventry.

We forwarded our enquirer the following names :—Umbrella Silk Manufacturers : *Brown & Co., 108/109, Fore Street, E.C. 2 ; Vanners & Fennell Bros., Ltd., 12, Fore Street, E.C. ; Stephen Walters & Sons, Ltd., 26, Cheapside, E.C.* Umbrella Frame Manufacturers : *Samuel Fox & Co., Ltd., 8, New Union Street, E.C. 2 ; Allen & Clark, 12, Maidenhead Court, E.C. 1 ; Greenough, Occleston & Co., Havelock Mills, Gt. Bridgewater Street, Manchester.*

MEMORIAL STONE.—" I would be very grateful if you could put me in touch with the manufacturers of memorial stones and ask them to send me price lists, together with the cost of inscription."—Enquiry 737, Congo Belge, Africa.

Messrs. Beckett & Sons, Ltd., 32, Baker Street, London, W., sent our enquirer full particulars re prices, etc.

The oldest Lace-makers in Wellingborough. Their united ages are 274. Sent by Miss K. Jacques, Orlingbury Hall, Wellingborough. (See O.S. Forum, p. 86).

THE OVERSEAS FORUM

Readers are invited to correspond with fellow Members.

THE EGYPTIAN RIOTS.—The reason I have not replied to your letter earlier is due to the fact that I was admitted to hospital suffering from a fracture of my right leg—and only came out to-day.

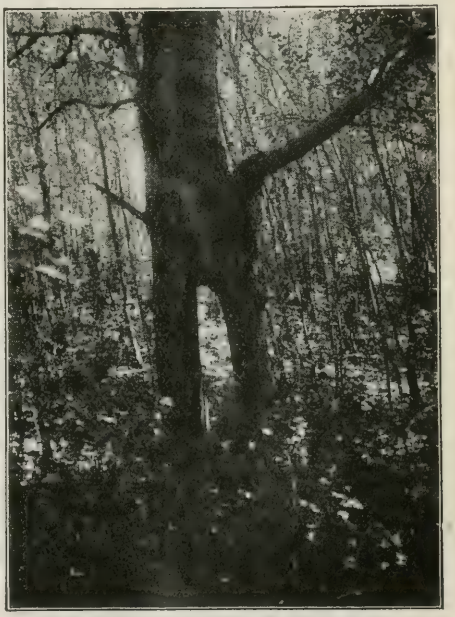
During the disturbances in Cairo I was one of the victims who suffered at the hands of the mob. My house was assailed by the rioters on the 3rd April, with stones and knives; afterwards they succeeded in entering my house, and after wrecking and robbing the whole of my furniture they set the house on fire. In order to save my life, I was obliged to jump from the window to the yard, a height of about thirty feet, in consequence of which I sustained the fracture mentioned above. All the books in my library together with my personal effects were burnt, amongst which were also the "Overseas" Magazines, which were greatly appreciated both by my wife and myself.

I should therefore esteem it a special favour if you could procure for me a few of the "Overseas" Magazines, the Club badge (same as I had before), and the membership card, and on receipt of same I shall be pleased to send you a remittance in cover.—H. W. Gales, c/o The Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Ltd., Cairo, Egypt.

[*If any Members with duplicate issues of "Overseas" could forward them to Mr. Gales we feel sure they would be much appreciated.*]

A CURIOUS TREE.—I enclose two photos which I took in the "New England" district of Cape Colony—the one of the trees seems to me a curiosity. It was impossible owing to the fall of the land and the very thick undergrowth to get a better view of it, but as far as I could ascertain the growth came from two distinct roots, and the trunks up to the point where they join were quite perfect. The undergrowth was well over my head, and I calculate that the joint of the trunks was at least twelve feet above the ground (see photo on this page).—Miss E. Bovill, Private Bag, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

FOR FRAMING.—I like the Magazine immensely. I think it a good idea to have the monthly picture of home. You probably know what it feels like to open a book and see a picture of your home town or country when you are far away.



A Freak of Nature, in New England, C.P. (see above). Sent by Miss E. Bovill, Private Bag, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

The Overseas Forum.

A young English nurse who is visiting Australia for her health was at our home a few weeks back. She picked up "Overseas" from the table and exclaimed, "Oh! a home paper!" Turning the pages she came to a picture of a scene in Sussex. Two big tears came into her eyes as her thoughts went out to the dear homeland she had left 12,000 miles away. That put an idea into my mind. I will pass it on to you.

Why cannot we have a bit of old England, Scotland or Ireland to look at, those of us who cannot visit the scenes of our childhood. It is nice in a book, but a real picture on the wall would be better. I feel sure that if these Old Country scenes could be produced in a convenient size for framing, hundreds of Britons would purchase them, particularly if the scenes were of their own particular locality. Perhaps some of you would express an opinion if appealed to or you might think the idea worth adopting.—Walter C. Boura, 95, Smith Street, Highgate, Perth, W.A.

[*We would gladly arrange to supply our frontispiece for framing purposes, if our Members show that they would like them.*]

UNITED AGES 274.—I enclose a snapshot I took the other day of four of our oldest lace-makers on the green with their pillows and "maids" as the props are called (see photo, p. 84). Their united ages come to about 274, and the old lady with the most lace is sister or daughter of someone who made some lace for Queen Victoria's train.—Miss K. Jacques, Orlingbury Hall, Wellingborough.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN WEST INDIES.—At the present time there is much talk of the confederation of the British West Indies, and I hope that it will be for the benefit of the inhabitants. Locally, there is also a movement on foot for representative government, in place of Crown Colony Government, and a petition to His Majesty the King is to be forwarded praying for the change of government.—John J. French, The Treasury, P.O. B. 69, Basseterre, St. Kitt's, British West Indies.

WILL START BRANCH.—During the next few months, we expect a number of new men out from home for the works here. I shall do my best to "rope" them in, and then try to get an active Branch going.—F. Stamp, S.E. de C. Naval, El Ferrol, Spain.

WANTED DOUBLE-BARRELLED NAMES.—A few years ago I suggested to the Over-Seas Club the foundation of a series of "Overseas Pedigree Registers" in which would be recorded (while they are still easily available) the details of families, living abroad or in the colonies, from the member of the Branch who first left the United Kingdom. In most cases these would be quite short, and in years to come they would be of great interest. Records could even start with the grandfather or first settler and notes *re* the family be allowed.

I have now another suggestion to make and this time in the interests of the "Entente Cordial." In the cases of mixed marriages and more especially War marriages or coming marriages with men who have been through the War, the husband should be allowed to join his wife's name to his or add it before. In England these things are mostly matters of taste and easily arranged, but in France special permission would be asked and very probably not granted. A "double-barrelled" name has all the more *raison d'etre* when it shows origin of families, and the French authorities would allow this if approached by English people of influence. —Arnold Bendall, Montmoreau, Charente, France.

THE OVERSEAS GOSPEL.—This is the first Member I have been able to secure, but I sincerely hope it will not be the last, and you can count on me to help in every possible way in preaching the Overseas gospel in this corner of the world.

As I feel the "Overseas" Magazine is doing a great work, and stands unrivalled among the various periodicals of its kind, I am going to pass

mine on to the Carnegie Free Library of this place—of course, after perusal. In this way I know I shall be helping along the cause and thus counteracting the hideous and hateful German propaganda which, for the past four years or more, has been flooding the world.—A. Munro, 1,108, Mills Building, El Paso, Texas, U.S.A.

ENROLLED 200 MEMBERS.—I have sent the following letter to Miss Turnley, Liverpool :—

"It was with great pleasure I read the account of the first meeting and the establishment of the Liverpool and first Old Country Branch, in 'Overseas.' I trust you will accept my heartiest congratulations and every good wish for the Club's future success.

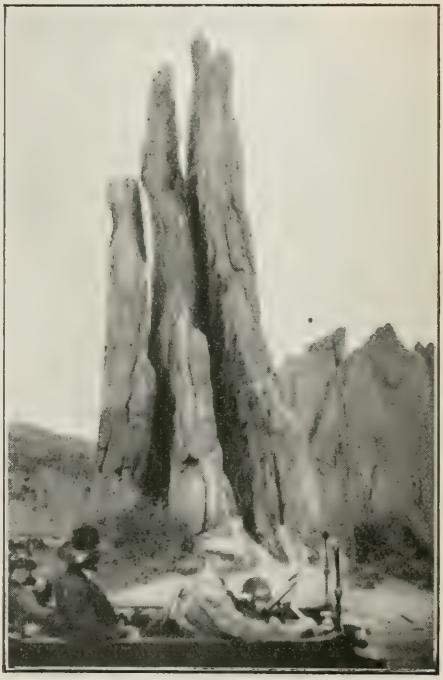
"It may be of interest to your Club to know that during the past four years I have been able to enrol as London Members some 200 captains, officers and engineers of the British mercantile marine visiting this port (El Puerto de Bahia Blanca), many of whom are Liverpool men, and many of them have already made themselves known at Headquarters in London, where they received a very warm welcome, and duly appreciated having such fine quarters to visit.

"The interest of these men, travelling, as they do, all over the world, is bound greatly to help forward the influence of the Over-Seas Club, as most of them are keen Members. I may state I have met here visiting Members from Australia, South Africa and even one who joined in Saigon. Again wishing the Club every success and hoping to pay it a visit some day."—F. B. Tregarthen, Ferro Carril del Sud, Ingeniero White, Argentine, S. America.

[*We are very grateful to Mr. Tregarthen. We think his enrolment of 200 Members is a record.*]

AN ORIGINAL MEMBER.—Replying to your inquiry *re* the Original numbers of the Over-Seas Club, I have pleasure in stating that I possess a certificate as an "original" Member. This dated, I think (I am writing from memory, the certificate being in Jamaica), October, 1910. I am more than pleased that the high hopes I entertained at the time the Club was started have been more than justified during the nine years of its existence. I still think there are many problems affecting the Empire in the solution of which this great organisation will be able to prove useful.—Edgar S. Lopez, 548, Portsdown Road, Maida Vale, W. 9.

INFORMATION ABOUT SASKATCHEWAN.—I realise that there are tremendous possibilities in the League, and, while I may not be able to help it along in any degree, I am most enthusiastic about it, and wish to keep in touch. I am a member of the Provincial Executives of the Canadian Patriotic Fund and of the Navy League. If you should desire



The "Three Graces." Red Sandstone Rocks in the Garden of the Gods, Manitou, Colorado, U.S.A.

The Overseas Forum.

any information as to these or any other matters of interest pertaining to this province, I shall be very glad to assist to the best of my ability.—A. D. Dickson, Judge District Court, Humboldt, Sask., Canada.

GRAND TURK WINDMILL.—I enclose under separate cover a photo of one of the windmills used here for conveying sea-water into making pans or salinas (see p. 89).

This antiquated type of machine is, however, being rapidly superseded by aeromotors of American manufacture.—G. W. Smith, Government House, Grand Turk, B.W.I.

O.S. IN CHINA.—My own destination is uncertain, but I sincerely trust that in whatever place in China I am to be stationed I shall find a flourishing Branch of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League.—A. E. Eastes, H.B.M. Consulate, Tenyueh, via Rangoon and Bhamo.

[*We are quite sure that even if a flourishing Branch does not exist wherever Mr. Eastes is transferred to, he will soon get one started.*]

HOME OF THE CHOSEN RACE.—We three are quite alone, have not had servants at all for eight months now, and no prospect of getting them either, while this Spanish influenza is on. Do you know any people in Watford? There is a Miss Rush who used to correspond with my late father and send pamphlets on the subject of British-Israel truth. It is a grand idea and we are full believers that England is the home of the chosen race, and that we are the lost ten tribes, and the Jews with us. Father made a study of it, and by reading Scripture it shows quite plainly that it is so, by our holding the gates of our enemies, i.e., Gibraltar, Bombay, and others gained by conflict, by the lending to all and borrowing from none, and one strong point, it mentions that: "Your valiant men shall be in scarlet."—Hugh Murray, Erin Farm, Middleburg, Cape Province, South Africa.

O.S.C.—In the September magazine I note Mr. C. Price, Radio Station, Maymyo, Upper Burma, writes about putting the letters "M.O.C." after signatures. I think, personally, the letters "O.S.C." would be better, as they can be easily written singly, or in monogram as O.S.C. Another good idea, I think, would be for the Members when doing this, to add the date when they joined up, as O.S.C. '17. Then, if Mr. Price will pardon me, the letters M.O.C. almost form the word "mock," which does not look well, but the word "O.S." in Dutch means "Ox," and is this not very near to "John Bull"?—Hugh Murray, Erin Farm, Middleburg, Cape Province, South Africa.

HOMIEST SPOT IN LONDON.—I wish to say something for the Club. It was the homiest spot in all London to me, any and every time I went there during my two and a half years "over there" while nursing Tommy. For six months I was in a London hospital, billeted out, and the Club became a veritable home for me when I was on night duty. Only when I was too tired to travel back and forth to the Club did I fail to put in an appearance there for an hour or two at least. It sure was a blessed privilege to me to be able to walk in at any time, and to take possession of any room there, which suited my special need, and so it must have been the same to many, "a home away from home," during the past strenuous years, which we will never forget. As the originator of the Over-Seas Club you have certainly done a wonderful service for all, and earned the gratitude of the Empire. It is indeed wonderful, and I am very proud to belong to same.—Miss R. Waterfield, 208, Broadway, Taunton, Mass., U.S.A.

KILLED IN B. E. A.—I may state that my late brother and self joined the

Club after it was first started. I have mislaid my original number, also his. He was killed in action on March the 11th at the fight at Taveta. His Pte. No. 1061, 2 R.R., G. A. Partridge, in British East Africa. I do not know if you would be so good as to put me in touch with some one who could see to having a fit stone raised at the head of the grave in the above military cemetery. Also, if you are compiling the names of Members who have fallen, I would like his name placed on the record.—H. Partridge, Beacon Hill, Lalapanzi, Gwelo, S. Rhodesia, S. Africa.

[*Perhaps some Member in "British East" will communicate with Mr. Partridge.*]

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMBERSHIP LIST.—*Re* Calendar in Membership List. I am glad to note you have half adopted my suggestion in this connection. I wanted a calendar for the last year, the current year and the year to come in each year's list, as it would be more useful as a desk book and work of reference if this were done. Then I want to see an edition in cardboard or linen covers to make it more presentable, and look to you to do it when it is possible. Then may I repeat my suggestion to have the Flag Days listed in tabulated form, and date order? and how about a blank sheet, possibly with the heading "New Members'" Name, Address, date of joining the Club, interleaved between each province, colony or country? This could eventually come as a special feature of the better bound volume, which would mainly be purchased by the "live" Member or keen H.C.S.—J. Chamberlain, "Kia Ora," Newcastle, Natal, S. Africa.

INQUIRY FROM SEA OF GALILEE.—Will you kindly forward particulars of your organisation to me?—Major D. W. Torrance (Dr.), Sea of Galilee Medical Mission, Tiberias, Palestine.

SEVEN DAYS OLD.—With all good wishes for our Club from wife, self and little stranger just seven days old.—J. H. Clark, 9, Delacourt Road, Blackheath, S.E. 3.

SOUTHAMPTON YACHT CLUB.—The committee of the Royal Southampton Yacht Club has kindly allowed me to lay my O.S. monthly magazines on the tables of the library and smoking rooms, where they are enjoyed not only by the Members but many Colonial and United States Officers passing through the port and using the Club.—F. W. Blew, West View, Thorold Road, Bittern Park, Southampton.

HAMMER IN HAND.—Will you accept my sincerest thanks for the privilege which you have afforded me in your Club membership? I am happy to take a hammer in hand to weld my link in the grand chain that you are making.—J. D. Moore Phillips, The General Fireproofing Co., Youngstown, Ohio, U.S.A.

E. W.

An Antiquated Windmill. (See opposite.) Sent by Mr. G. W. Smith of Grand Turk, B.W.I.

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau

[*The Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League merely acts as a medium of introduction, and cannot be held responsible for the accuracy of any of the announcements published.—Editor.*]

Overseas Employment and Information Bureau.

WANTED.—A Member wants on his South African farm thoroughly capable, healthy and skilful married man, abstainer, no family, general help, handy with tools ; wife good cook-housekeeper. Ages 30 to 35. £4 monthly each. Also good house girl general, £3 monthly ; and mechanical chauffeur, understanding electricity, 19 to 23, £5 monthly. All with board lodging and washing free, and passages paid out if three years' agreement. Civility and good tempers a recommendation.—*E. B. 817, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MONS MAN, ex-R.A.M.C., special training ear, nose and throat cases, wishes position of trust where he can have house-room and support his widowed invalid mother and sister. Last position fifteen years. Sister could do light house duties or attend invalid. Recommended by one of our Members.—*E. B. 808, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

MASSEUSE.—Lady (22), I.S.T.M. massage certificate, medical electricity, radiography, three and a half years' experience in V.A.D. hospital, wishes to know what prospects there are in New Zealand, or other Colony, for her work. Would act as masseuse companion for passage out.—*E. B. 809, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ABLE AND CONSCIENTIOUS DRIVER wants position. Any make of cars, running repairs, or in charge of several. England preferred. Used to long tours. Just demobilised.—*E. B. 810, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

EX-OFFICER, 24 years of age, three years' good office experience in Calgary, Canada, desires position in Great Britain as secretary or office manager. Tact, energy and initiative.—*E. B. 811, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

LEDGER CLERK, strong, and of active habits, desires situation at home or abroad.—*E. B. 818, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

LONDONER (28), five years' commercial experience in New York (twelve years in all), requires outdoor work in Sydney. Understands export and banking credits, but willing to work in almost any capacity.—*E. B. 819.*

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANT (31), desires position in England. Experience in London (Eng.), U.S.A. and Canada.—*E. B. 820, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

DRAUGHTSMAN (40), wishes to communicate with engineering works in Australia or New Zealand requiring capable designer. Twenty-four years' experience in all classes of marine engine and ship work ; thirteen years chief draughtsman. Specialises in light T.B.D. machinery.—*E. B. 821, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

COMMISSIONS as buyer or correspondent, export and shipping. Central and South American experience. Spanish, Portuguese. Keen, active man.—*E. B. 812, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ADMINISTRATIVE or executive post anywhere. Salary £400. Before War was solicitor with large commercial practice in West Indies. Knows something of lumbering and banana growing. 46. Married. — *E. B. 813, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

AUSTRALIAN (33), lady, desires travelling post. Warm climate. Would give services for passage to California or Australia. Good sailor. —*E. B. 814, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

POSITION REQUIRED by Overseas man. Twenty years' experience in South America, plantation manager, mining and constructional engineer.—*E. B. 815, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

HOSPITAL NURSE, good surgical training, excellent experience in children's work, desires post in Malay States in hospital or private family with children.—*E. B. 816, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

SECRETARIAL POSITION.—Educated secondary school. Was chief bank assistant to large stores for eleven years, acting as secretary, cashier to auditing and preparing balance sheets. Post desired, secretarial, accountancy, office management. Min. sal. £200 p.a. Married. Spanish, French. Health good. Age 31.—*E. B. 119,622.*

MOTOR SALESMAN.—Educated higher grade school and Liverpool Technical School. Articled to electrical engineers, also drawing office experience. Post desired, motor salesman (demonstrator or traveller), Min. Sal. £250 p.a. Single. Health good. Age 22.—*E. B. 213,229, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

EX-CAPTAIN REQUIRES POSITION.—Educated Sherborne School, Keble College, Oxford. Joined H.M. Forces from University. Slight knowledge of Hindustani and Arabic. Post desired, employment in any good firm abroad. £300 p.a. Age 25.—*E. B. 235,179, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

AGRICULTURAL POSITION REQUIRED.—Two years Lancashire County Council School. Farm one year Harris Institute Agriculture. Three years practical agriculture (all branches). Also taken courses in poultry rearing. Post desired, agricultural. Min. sal. £200. Single. Lt. R. Fus. Age 25.—*E. B. 21,604, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

RUBBER OR TEA PLANTING.—Educated at Douai Abbey, Northampton. Prior to the War was in the Merchant Service. Post desired, rubber or tea planting. Health good, age 25.—*E. B. 214,234, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

OVERSEAS RUBBER ESTATE.—Educated at St. John's College, Leatherhead. Had three years farming in England, two years on cattle or sheep station in Australia. Post desired, overseer or assistant on rubber or tea estate or on cattle station. Min. sal. £300 p.a. French. Age 27.—*E. B. 234,776, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

BUILDER'S MANAGER.—Educated at Bedminster School. Was general manager to builders and contractors eight years, accountant and secretary to Ltd. Co., five years. Post desired, builder's manager. Min. sal. £260 p.a. Married. Age 41.—*E. B. 230,494, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

ORGANISER.—Woman with wide business experience would like to organise Colonial or American business opening in London.—*E. B. 824, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

POSITION IN CHEMICAL CONCERN.—Educated Rutherford College, Newcastle-on-Tyne ; Durham and Breslau Universities. D.Sc. Extensive chemical experience. Highly qualified man. Author of various papers on research work. Post desired, in some chemical concern. Min. sal. £350. Capital available £5,000 upwards. Thorough knowledge of French and German (chemical terms). Married. Health good. Age 33.—*E. B. 213,821, c/o Over-Seas Club.*

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BABIES OF THE EMPIRE

A Crusade for the Health of Women and Children for the Honour of the Empire. Under the auspices of the Over-Seas Club and Patriotic League.

Babies of the Empire.

QUEEN MARY AND OUR BABIES.—We were all aflutter at the Training Centre one July afternoon for Queen Mary had promised to pay us a private visit. The Press had got wind of the event, however, and we were besieged with photographers and reporters. H. M. is very punctual, but ten minutes before she was expected she motored up in a very unostentatious motor. We were all in our places, spruce and ready. Our Chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, conducted her in and after we had all been introduced and made our curtsies, Dr. Truby King and Miss Pattrick took her in charge, and she and Lady Ampthill, her lady-in-waiting, made a tour of our premises. Like every one else who has had occasion to observe her, we were struck with the knowledge and interest in the subject Her Majesty displayed in her remarks and her questions. She has a deep clear voice and wastes no time on unnecessary words. I noticed that she looked round each room carefully and evidently took in all she saw.

That Queen Mary is an ideal mother herself, and takes a practical interest in other mothers and their problems, has long been one of her outstanding characteristics. She spoke lovingly to the little babies in our care, stroking the dark hair of one, a poor wee shy thing that had burst into a yell at the sight of such a throng of strangers. Her attention was particularly aroused by our foster mother, who besides nursing her own baby has at the same time nursed seven little wasting babies, one after the other, for two or three weeks at a time, just giving them the start in life they needed, and saving their lives thereby.

Queen Mary among the Babies at our Training Centre. Dr. Truby King, who is shortly returning to New Zealand, is on Her Majesty's right.

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Babies of the Empire.

I wish you could all have been with us, and seen the day nursery, full of red roses, the French windows flung wide on to the balconies with a bunch of babies kicking and cooing in their pen, and our trainees in their pretty blue overalls hovering round them. Here flash-light photographs were taken, Queen Mary posing at once, only anxious that as many babies as possible should be in the picture. In one of the wards, an Australian nurse with a military ribbon on her breast came in for a special conversation. I heard the Queen ask her about the conditions in Sydney, where she was going back to work. Miss Pattrick was wearing the badge of the N. Z. Society for the Health of Women and Children, which the Queen noticed at once, and asked Miss Pattrick if she had been working for the Society while Lady Plunket was in New Zealand.

ST. THOMAS' HOSPITAL.—We were particularly glad to have Dr. Fairbairn, of St. Thomas' Hospital, with us on this occasion, for when Dr. King leaves us during the summer the medical supervision of the Training Centre is to be taken over by St. Thomas' Hospital. St. Thomas' Hospital, facing the Houses of Parliament, on the Thames, has a unique history. It is one of the oldest and at the same time one of the most progressive hospitals in London. Dr. King and the medical authorities of the hospital have worked in the closest co-operation and we know that continuity of our work is now assured in the best possible way.

If members of the Over-Seas Club will support us even more substantially than in the past, there is no limit to what we may achieve in the future, and they may feel satisfied that their money is being spent in the best of all possible ways, helping to grow a truly imperial race.

LETTERS AT HEADQUARTERS.—I read through a bundle of extracts at the Headquarters of the Club recently, all referring to the Babies of the Empire Society, our latest effort for the Empire. It is obvious that interest in the coming generation is growing, but I wonder how it is that it is more difficult to raise funds to save the lives of the children of our soldiers and sailors, than it was to supply the men with tobacco and comforts? If those of you who are thinking of helping us could see for yourselves our Training Centre, and the babies we are caring for, and the nurses whom we are training, I know you would not hesitate to put your hands deeper into your pockets than you have already done, and enable us to help every mother and baby who appeals to us. At present we are obliged to turn so many away.

GERMISTON BRANCH.—We do hope the ladies of the Germiston Branch will help us, as Mr. Tonkin seems to think they may. Would it be possible for them to support a cot at our Training Centre, which we would gladly name the Germiston Cot? The upkeep comes to about £100 a year, or if every member of the Club in the Transvaal could spare us a few shillings a year we could have a Transvaal cot.

Mr. Cohen, of Port Ahuriri, N.Z., is quite right when he says we have undertaken to do a "very big thing" in shouldering our responsibility with regard to our babies; but, if we are to keep our place in the civilised world, somehow or other the babies have got to be given a fair start in life.

We are very grateful for the sympathy of Members everywhere in what we are striving to accomplish.

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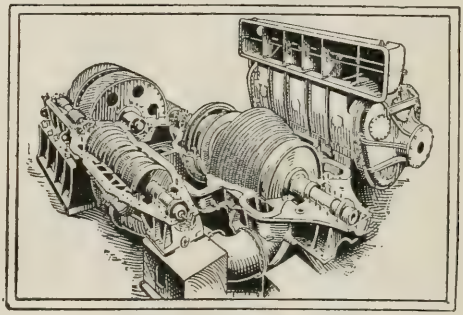

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All Members are invited to make free use of this section.

Members' Exchange.

R SAVAGE, c/o Wells-Dickey & Co., 613, McCallum Hill Building, Regina, Sask., Canada, would like to correspond with Members in New Zealand, Australia and South America with a view to exchanging "customs of the country," trade opportunities and any points of interest. Papers or cards will be gladly received and cheerfully exchanged.

Norman C. Ashby, R.R. 2, Roseburg, Oregon, U.S.A.—"Should any Member be seeking information as to conditions in this locality, I shall be glad to supply it."

E. H. Frost, Thomaston, Conn., U.S.A.—"I am arranging to make a trip to Japan, China, Manchuria, Philippines, Java, Siam, Palestine, Egypt, etc., next year with my wife. I want to learn from people living in these countries about conditions of travel, railway, steamers, etc., hotel expenses, etc."

T. Stanley Green, Tirrukovil Estate, Akkaraipattu, E.P., Ceylon.—"I shall be greatly obliged if any of the readers of our magazine can give me some particulars of the Balearic Islands either through the medium of 'Overseas' or by letter. I would like details as to climate, inhabitants, cost of living, what opportunities there are for social enjoyment, sport, etc., and whether there are any business openings for a man with medium amount of capital, either in agriculture or commerce."

A. A. Eldrid, Parrancini, F.C. Sud., Rep. Argentine, S. America.—"I wish to exchange Argentine stamps (used and unused) for other countries with collectors from any part of the world."

E. de Charnaud, 66, Avenue Reine Olga 66, Salonica.—"Would you put a little notice in the magazine to the effect that all bereaved families who want a photograph of their dead who happen to be buried in the Military Cemetery in Salonica to apply to me for the said keepsake, giving me in the meantime the name and the number of the tomb. The photographs will be sent free from any charge, and I will hold myself at the entire disposal of any family who would like an embellishment done to the tombs."

Miss Elsie A. Smith, c/o Banks, Ratcliffe & Potts, Cunard Building, Liverpool, would like to correspond (in Pitman's Shorthand or ordinary longhand) with Members overseas, preferably in Australia, Brazil, British Columbia, Chile, Italy, Malay States, Singapore and New Zealand, or Members serving with the Army and Navy Forces. Would be glad to exchange ideas on general topics, local customs, books, music, sports, etc., for mutual benefit.

Miss I. M. Journeaux, The Briery, St. Martins, Jersey, Channel Islands.—"I wish to correspond with Members abroad."

George W. Davison, c/o Messrs. Armstrong, Ledlie & Stillman, Cairns, N. Queensland, Australia.—"Is April, 1917, the first issue of 'Overseas'? If so, I would like to get numbers 1 to 14. If any of our Members could supply me, I would gladly pay for them."

E. C. Smithers, Member of the Cape Town Philatelic Club, P.O. Box 157,

(Continued on p. 99.)

Advertiser's Announcement.

AN IMPRESSION of Britain's Largest Board Mill.

The Manufacture of Paper Boxboard.

A GROUP of modern buildings on the Thames side, dominated by an imposing chimney shaft and surrounded by stacks of raw materials and coal, the ever-busy cranes stretching their tireless arms over the water's edge—this is a rough impression of the largest Board Mill in Britain from the outside.

There is much of interest within. Passing by the boilers, generating station, digesters, and other auxiliary apparatus, interesting as they undoubtedly are, it is at the beater-room that the business of Board making begins in earnest. Here long rows of "hollanders" are working furiously, tearing and battering the masses of raw material with which they are supplied into a consistent pulp. By the addition of a large percentage of water this becomes a thin milk-like fluid, which finally passes to the machine-house. In this building are installed three large machines weighing several hundred tons, and measuring two to three hundred feet long. At one end these monsters are imbibing hundreds of gallons of the liquid mentioned above, which, after passing through a complexity of troughs, cylinders, presses, and rolls, is eventually—though in a surprisingly short space of time—formed into finished Board. At the finishing end these machines are delivering the cut, trimmed and calendered sheets in "machine-gun" fashion at the rate of hundreds a minute.

This, in brief, is a lay impression of the process of cardboard manufacture on a large scale, at least as regards the mechanical side, which is by no means all.

However, only by the adoption of modern and scientific methods is it possible to produce 1,000 tons per week—the normal capacity of the machines at Purfleet.

Board users should write to—

THAMES PAPER CO. LTD.

THAMES MILLS

PURFLEET, ENGLAND.

(Continued from p. 97.)

Members' Exchange.

Cape Town, South Africa, would like to exchange African stamps for any British Colonies. Is specialising in War stamps.

W. C. Sawyers, The English, Scottish and Australian Bank, Ltd., Blyth, South Australia.—" I have just resumed my old hobby, stamp collecting, and shall be pleased to receive stamps from any other Club Member in any part of the world. My stock of duplicates is limited, but perhaps some of the Members will be good enough to send along a little lot without wanting any in exchange."

Miss Iris E. Kelly, Box 424, Bulawayo, South Rhodesia, South Africa.—" I should like to correspond with Members in Europe and Asia."

Miss A. M. Bell, " Threeacres," Ramsey, New Jersey, U.S.A.—" I would like very much to correspond with an English girl living in London under thirty years of age. A bright ambitious business girl is most to my liking. Also I would like very much to meet or correspond with some British girls who live in or near New York."

Lieut. H. W. Stevens, c/o Miss Chennells, Cippenham, Slough, Bucks.—" Would you mind putting a notice in for me to help me to obtain a small car or cycle car. I was badly smashed up in the War, therefore I cannot walk a great distance. I have been trying to get a car for the last six weeks at a reasonable figure, but so far have failed. I thought perhaps a Member might have one for sale."

P. F. Garford, Holpan, Barkly West, C.P., South Africa.—" I wish to receive the January, 1919, number of ' Overseas.' If necessary, I would pay for the number in order to obtain it."

A. Christodoulon, Pissouri, Limassol, Cyprus.—" I wish to obtain Nos. 1 to 8 of ' Overseas ' in exchange for Nos. 9 to 17, which I have in duplicate, or with used postage stamps of Cyprus. I have a number of used stamps of Cyprus which I would like to exchange with Members in all parts of the world, with the exception of the United Kingdom."

Eustace F. Baxster, Calle Viamonte 470, Cordoba, Argentine Republic, universal stamp collector, will be pleased to exchange with collectors all over the world.

Mrs. A. Blackmore, 3a, Capuchinas No. 63, Mexico City, Central America.—" British family, living in a foreign country, desire to correspond with clergyman (Church of England Episcopal), living in Sydney or Melbourne, Australia."

Mrs. A. Twining, Warren Cottage, Kingston Hill, Surrey, England, will be happy to send, free, small parcels of Christian literature to any Members, especially those in out-parts of the British Empire.

M.M.M., c/o The Over-Seas Club.—" Could any Member or any one recommend or find out any harmless medicine for removing the hair from growing (specially in the cheek) for a certain period ? "

Hugh Kinnaird, c/o Hon. Beekman Winthrop, Groton Farm, Westbury, New York, U.S.A.—" I would be delighted to correspond with Members who are sick and suffering from tuberculosis."

BACK NUMBERS OF " OVERSEAS."—The following issues of " Overseas " can be obtained from Headquarters at the price of 1s. each. As there are only a limited number in stock, we would advise an early application. Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 28, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35.

No alcoholic advertisements are accepted by " Overseas," although a considerable revenue is sacrificed thereby.

(Continued from p. 65.)

News from Head-quarters.

beautiful old church, parts of which date from the 14th century. The church is named after St. Oswald, to whom the original church was dedicated. The old church registers are amongst the earliest continuous records in existence. The centuries old "Churchwardens' accounts" include entries for the payment of "Two and sixpence to a parishioner towards the ransom of her son from the Turks," also "Payments for collections of sparrows' upper beaks and foxes' tails," and "For whipping dogs out of church," and other curious expenses. Miss Gertrude Turnley, the Secretary, is largely responsible for the series of delightful excursions from Liverpool.

MEMBERS' HONOURS. — We are delighted to learn that the Order of the British Empire has been bestowed on Mr. J. da Costa, of Jamaica, in recognition of his splendid war services, and that the Order of the Royal Red Cross has been conferred on Mrs. Florence Spratt, wife of Mr. Hamilton Spratt, two of our most enthusiastic Members from Perim, Red Sea, for her Red Cross work in Egypt.

BRITISH EMPIRE FILMS.—A great deal of correspondence has been received on the question of British films since the article on "Colonising the Picture Theatre" was published in "Overseas." We are glad to see that Members in all parts of the world are realising the great educational and commercial value of films manufactured by British firms, and depicting British scenes and ideals. We should be interested to hear from more of our Members on this subject, and hope that gradually a strong public opinion will be formed which will ensure that the local cinemas will show at least a percentage of such films.

BOOKS BY RETURN MAIL.

New or Second-hand, on Every Subject.

From . . .

W. J. BRYCE,

The Empire Art & Book Room,

24A, Regent Street, London, S.W. 1, England.

Publisher of "Sketches Made at Anzac." By H. Moore Jones, A.N.Z.A.C.

GELATINES, GLUES, BEESWAX, &c.

PAUL INGENLATH,

86, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.

IMPORTER AND EXPORTER.

FARMING IN SUNNY ONTARIO.

Nowhere in the Empire will the new-comer with farming experience find a field of richer promise. Prosperous, fertile farms are everywhere the rule, and here the farmer has all the social, educational, and marketing advantages of a well-settled, highly organized, and intensely British community. For particulars apply to :—

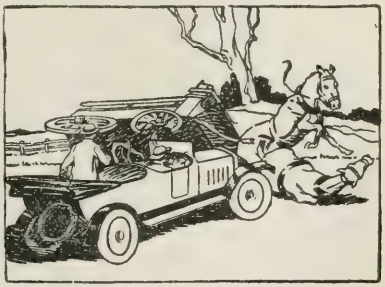
THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR ONTARIO, 163, Strand, W.C. 2.

Read this before going on Your Holiday.

EVERY ONE IS LIABLE TO ACCIDENTS. Statistics show that at least one person in every seven meets with an accident each year, and it is safe to assume that the majority of those who compose the "one-seventh" are people who are travelling or moving about from one place to another, and further, that the greatest number of such accidents take place during what is known as the "Holiday Season," when every form of conveyance is greatly congested and overcrowded.

No prudent Man or Woman—Traveller, Tourist or Holiday Maker — deliberately takes unnecessary risks, and yet the danger of accident is always at hand. A char-a-banc overturns, luggage falls from the rack of an overcrowded train, a boat is swamped. These are but a few of the every-day happenings to travellers, resulting in injuries which may be slight, serious, or even fatal.

The "British Dominions" have devised a plan whereby for a very moderate sum (for a premium of 2/- the holder is insured for £1,000 against fatal accidents for one week) you can insure yourself for the period during which you are travelling or spending your holidays — a week, weeks, or months.



The Policy is most comprehensive, covering journeys in the United Kingdom, Continent of Europe, Canada, and the United States of America. For a slightly increased premium it is "world-wide." The benefits are generous, and rise in proportion to the amount of the premium.

Every one who contemplates a journey, long or short, should take the precaution of covering themselves against possible accidents and the monetary loss resulting therefrom.

Write to-day for full particulars and Prospectus. Ask for Special Personal Accident Insurance for Travellers, Tourists, and Holiday Makers.

Eagle Star and British Dominions Insurance Co., Ltd. Head Office: British Dominions House, Royal Exchange Avenue, London, E.C. 3. Assets exceed £16,000,000.

How to Buy Sunshine

How to Buy Sunshine.

WHEN the American poet, John Hay, wrote—

"I never seed nothing that could or càn
Jest git all the good from the heart of a man
Like the hands of a little child"

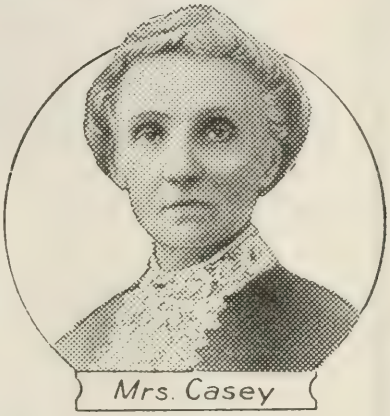
he was expressing in homely language what we all feel when in the presence of happy, loving childhood. But every phase of life has its opposite, and when it is realised that, notwithstanding the strides of late years in medicine and surgery, there have been born into this beautiful world of ours little children who will never see the blue sky or the laughing woods, and all the other marvels that add to life's pageantry, it must indeed be a hard heart that does not throb in sympathy at the thought of all this means. It is only of late that the claims of the little blind baby—the child who, through inherited disease or neglect, is deprived at the very outset of life of that most priceless possession of all, sight !—have been adequately realised. Until "Sunshine House" (as the first Blind Babies' Home in the kingdom is called) was established by the National Institute for the Blind in beautiful country some twenty miles out of London, there was no institution founded to look after the little blind child until it had attained the age of five years. In many cases that meant that for the first five years of its life the blind baby—in many cases, alas, unwanted, and in nearly all cases neglected through sheer inability to cope with the problem—was bound to develop disagreeable habits which would have to be eradicated with great difficulty when the time came for the child to be admitted to an accredited school for the blind.

At "Sunshine House" there are twenty-five little blind babies being cared for with all the love and tenderness possible and being equipped from the very outset of their lives to face, in the best way possible, the handicap that lies before them. And in some cases, with proper care and attention, some of these little ones may be given back their sight. It needs no fine phrases to bolster up this cause. "Sunshine House" can only accommodate twenty-five babies; other homes of a like nature are wanted, and it requires only the co-operation of a public always ready to subscribe to a worthy charity to allow the National Institute to find and equip more Sunshine Homes.

Think, then, you who read this, of your own happy childhood; then think of the little children who are destined never to see the beauties of the world around them, and if this thought will not urge you to send a donation to the Secretary-General of the National Institute for the Blind (224-6-8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1), then, indeed, must your own most priceless gift of sight be of small value.

Terrible Kidney Trouble.

Serious Operation Averted. An Apparently Hopeless Case Permanently Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.



MRS. EMMA CASEY, 9, Pool Bank Street, Nuneaton, says: "Dr. Cassell's Tablets saved my life when doctors had pronounced my case hopeless. Acute Kidney Disease attacked me suddenly; I found I was losing blood, and was told that I had burst a blood-vessel. The discharge continued, and I found myself getting terribly weak. Operation was advised to remove a stone in the kidneys, but I felt too old (66) to undertake the risk. I was little more than skin and bone; I had frightful spasms of wind, knife-like pains in my back, and I was extremely constipated. I had to live on barley water and infants' food, and the loss of blood was draining the life out of me.

"I had been in bed three months when my daughter got Dr. Cassell's Tablets for me. Though it seems nearly incredible, I obtained almost immediate relief. I improved rapidly, and now I am better than before my illness. It seems more like a miracle than an ordinary cure."

The above cure was effected nearly seven years ago. Mrs. Casey, now a hale old lady of 72, seen recently, is still full of gratitude to Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and is firmly of opinion that she has them to thank for being alive to-day.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Prices in England 1/3 and 3/-
The 3/- size being the more economical. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the World. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the recognised Home Remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
Infantile Paralysis
Neurasthenia
Sleeplessness
Anæmia
Kidney Trouble
Indigestion
Wasting Diseases
Palpitation
Vital Exhaustion
Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life.

Free Information
as to the suitability of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in your case sent on request. Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Chester Road, Manchester.

Will you help

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you send them 2/6 for Bread?

The usual ANNUAL APPEAL
is made for

HALF-CROWNS

to help to pay the Food Bill for their great family of **7,238** children.

The provision of food for **the largest family in the world** is a serious problem, especially in these times of high food prices.

Last year **269,840** Half-Crowns were raised for this Fund in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo.

Will you please help the Homes to raise more this year, because the need is greater?

8,016 children admitted since war broke out, a large proportion being the children of Soldiers and Sailors.

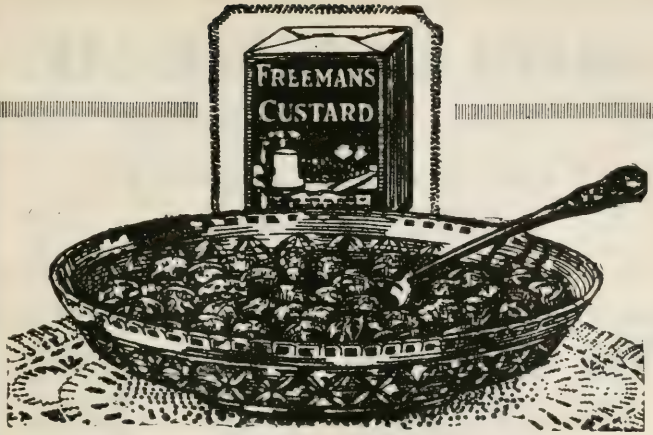
10,715 Barnardo Boys have fought for you on land and sea.

Will you help their brothers and sisters?

Cheques and orders payable "Dr. BARNARDO'S HOMES FOUNDER'S DAY FUND," and crossed (Notes should be Registered), and addressed to the Honorary Director, WILLIAM BAKER, Esq., M.A., LL.B., at

HEAD OFFICES: 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E. 1.

When sending Gifts, please mention "Over-Seas Club Monthly," August, 1919.



Gooseberries and Custard

THE palate simply yearns for gooseberries in Spring, and the young fruit is more tempting if you have it stewed and served with FREEMANS CUSTARD. There is nothing more delicious than these seasonable dishes at this time of the year.

FREEMANS CUSTARD is the nearest approach to Devonshire Cream, and softens the sharpness of the fruit to a nicety.

Made in *Delectaland*
where Pure Foods come from.

FREEMANS CUSTARD

THE WATFORD MFG. CO., LTD. *Chairman—G. HAVINDEN.*
Boissellers (Boy-sel-e-a) Chocolates, Vi-Cocoa, and Freemans Food Products.
DELECTALAND, WATFORD, ENG.

HARRIS & SHELDON, LTD.

Universal Shopfitters,

STAFFORD STREET,

BIRMINGHAM.

The "Arethusa" Training Ship

and the SHAFTESBURY HOMES at BISLEY, TWICKENHAM, SUDBURY, EALING, and ROYSTON

NEED HELP

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
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National Refuges Offices: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.

Y.M.C.A. RECREATION HUTS FOR BRITISH TROOPS OVERSEAS.

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Sir Arthur Yapp, K.B.E. (of the Y.M.C.A.).

The Y.M.C.A. Ladies' Committee, of which Her Highness Princess Helena Victoria is President, and Lady Malcolm Hon. Secretary, are doing a most valuable work amongst the soldiers overseas. Since the commencement of the War, they have sent out more than 1,400 ladies, who have given their services voluntarily, to serve in the Huts in France, Germany, Belgium, Malta, Egypt, etc. These ladies have assisted by serving refreshments, organising games among the men, helping them with their letters, giving them sympathy and encouragement, teaching them languages, and in many ways ministering to the comfort of the soldiers. The work the Y.M.C.A. ladies have done in the Hostels for the relatives of sick and wounded in France has been of the greatest value, and still calls for sympathy and support in the Hospital centres.

A Special Appeal is made for Games of all kinds, and Gramophones and Records for the Troops.

VOLUNTARY LADY WORKERS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the Committee, and all communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Recreation Huts Overseas, 10, Russell Square, W.C. 1.

Note.—Owing to the demobilization of the Troops generally, and particularly in France, it was considered advisable by the Committee of the Recreation Huts at the Base Camps in France, that their work should now be recognized as for the Recreation Huts for British Troops Overseas.

Children's Home Stories

III.—"MY PEOPLE."

DURING the War, a soldier in kilts strode into the Secretary's office.

"Do you know me, sir?"

"No," was the reply. "Do you know me?"

"Indeed I do, sir.

"Then I ought to know you. What's your name?"

It proved to be "little George," now big George, of the Canadian Scottish, come over to fight for us, as so many Old Boys have done.

George knew nothing of his infancy. His mother had died of consumption, leaving six children, whom his father had abandoned. The little ones were scattered. George, the baby, two and a half, came to us. He grew and thrived, went to Canada, and did well.

He spoke of his loneliness. Had he no kith and kin? he asked.

Inquiries led to a glad discovery.

His father had returned, repentant; had searched out the other children and made them a comfortable home. But the "baby" they could not find.

George was received with open arms and came back, no longer friendless, but exultant. In France he could now hold his head well up and talk about "my people."

A good example, surely, of child-saving and of effective after-care. The Home has done as much for 13,000 boys and girls, of whom ninety-five per cent. have turned out well.

Three half-crowns will keep such a child for a week.

Please mention "Overseas" and send your Gift to

The Principal *(Rev. W. Hodson Smith)*—

National Children's Home

(Founded by Dr. Stephenson)

104-122, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C. 1.

Treasurers—J. R. Barlow, Esq., J.P., and Sir Charles C. Wakefield, Bart.

Farm Colony for Soldiers & Sailors Suffering from Tuberculosis.

(National Association for the Prevention of Consumption.)

Patron: HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
Chairman of Council: The Rt. Hon. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, K.T., G.C.V.O., G.C.M.G.
Hon. Treasurers: The Right Hon. Lord Glenconner.
J. Francis Mason, Esq., M.P.
Hon. Secretary: J. J. Perkins, Esq., M.B., F.R.C.P.
Secretary: Miss Stickland.

EVERY CITIZEN - SOLDIER who in fighting for his country has lost his health, and thereby the means of self-support, becomes of necessity the care of the Nation.

The case of the Blind and Limbless is well in hand.

LET US THINK OF THE TUBERCULOUS.

THE FARM COLONY for Sailors and Soldiers aims at completing the cure of suitable patients from Hospitals and Sanatoria, helping them to work out their salvation under proper conditions, training those who require it in **some open-air, healthy occupation suited to their condition, especially fitting them for a life on the land,** that they may become once more self-supporting citizens.

IT IS ESTIMATED that **£50,000** will be needed for the Farm Colony. Donations will be gratefully received if sent to the Honorary Treasurer, **The Lord Glenconner, 20, Hanover Square, Oxford Circus, London, W. 1.**

PRACTICAL HELP now means a new lease of life to a suffering ex-Service man.

THE NATIONAL WAY

and the *most practical way* of finding permanent employment for the men broken in the War is at the

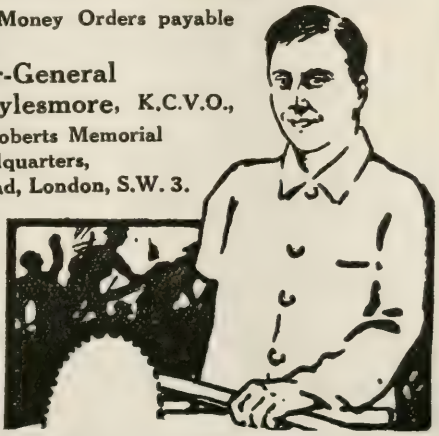
Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops

THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

TRY as one will to find a better way of securing permanent employment for our totally disabled Soldiers and Sailors, it resolves itself finally to this—that the man *must work* in the *company of men similarly afflicted*, and he *must work at a machine.* We have tried every other plan and failed. We have tried the best machinery and found it the only way. We are buying more as fast as our Capital Fund increases. Just as modern machinery has solved the munition supply problem, so has machinery solved the problem of what to do for our broken men. Come and see the men at work. You will never help any other method afterwards. Ask the men themselves. They know. They work at our shops in comfort, sympathy and comradeship. They make good articles that sell at commercial prices, and they earn good wages by doing so. They have helped to break the German Army—now they are helping to break the German trade grip. The products of Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are sold by leading retailers everywhere, and these merchants will tell you that the goods are capturing the trade heretofore held by the German. So by helping our Capital Fund you do many good things. Send a Cheque to-day. Insist on our products.

Make Cheques or Money Orders payable to the Chairman,

Major-General
The Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O.,
The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters,
122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 3.



The Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops for Disabled Soldiers and Sailors.
[*Registered under the Charities Act, 1916.*]
The Rt. Hon. Sir Fredk. Milner, Bt., *Hon. Treas.*
Major Sir A. Tudor Craig, K.B.E., F.S.A., *Comptroller.*
Chas. Fredk. Higham, M.P. *Hon. Appeal Organiser.*

CITIZENSHIP.

The TRAINED BOY of to-day is

A NATIONAL ASSET.

Nearly a quarter of a million members and ex-members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

(King's Royal Rifle Corps Cadets)

Have served in H.M. Forces in the Great War.

No less than 16 Victoria Crosses and over 400 other Distinctions

have been gained by members of

The Church Lads' Brigade

PATRIOTISM.

Will you help the Church Lads' Brigade to continue its great work for the Empire and the Religious, Moral, and Physical Welfare of "our men of a few years hence"?

Contributions should be sent to the Secretary, The Rev. EDGAR ROGERS, M.A., Church Lads' Brigade, Aldwych House, Catherine Street, Aldwych, London, W.C. 2.

The Merchant Service

Gets but little of the bounteous offerings sent home by Patriotic Britons Overseas for War Charities.

The "jugular vein of the Nation" and the "weaver of the web of Empire" badly wants help of this kind.

An urgent appeal is, therefore, made for contributions to

The Fryatt Memorial Fund.

Patrons :—Admiral Viscount Jellicoe, Lord Beresford, Admiral Sir David Beatty and others.

This Fund is doing excellent work in alleviating suffering and distress amongst Officers of the Merchant Service and their dependents, and maintaining and educating their children where necessitous circumstances exist. It is the only Fund of its kind in existence and is akin to the "Officers' Families Fund," which does such grand work for the Officers of the Navy and Army, but does not cover the Merchant Service.

So far the sum of £9,000 only has been raised. The result is that many demands on the Fund cannot be met.

Contributions will be most gratefully received by :—

HON. LIEUT. T. W. MOORE, M.B.E., R.N.R.,
Imperial Merchant Service Guild,
The Arcade, LIVERPOOL.

BRITISH MADE

TIN FOIL

Highly polished foils, plain, printed, coloured or embossed, free from lead, for wrapping tobaccos, cigarettes, confectionery, food-stuffs, etc.

Also MANUFACTURERS OF VENESTA PLYWOOD AND CHAIR SEATS.

Venesta Ltd.
1 Great Tower St. EC
London
England

Published by the Over-Seas Club, London. Printed : The Whitefriars Press, Ltd., Tonbridge.

We don't expect you to send us £10,000–

— if you can only afford sixpence

but you may rest assured that any donation, be it large or small, sent to the National Institute for the Blind, 224–6–8, Great Portland Street, London, W. 1, will be used to the best advantage to bring light into the lives of those condemned to live in perpetual darkness. Ask yourself the question: "What is my eyesight worth to me?" and let your answer be in accordance with your sympathy.

INSIST on your Day and Night Wear being made of genuine

"Viyella"

"VIYELLA" does not shrink or thicken in the wash, is light and dainty, yet wonderfully durable, and stands the most primitive methods of washing, is porous and absorbent, and thus most appreciated in a climate where days are hot and evenings cold—where sport gives rise to rapid changes of bodily temperature; chills are best avoided by "Viyella," which will not irritate the tenderest skin. "Viyella" is absolutely BRITISH.

"VIYELLA" DOES NOT SHRINK.

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD.

(Reg. Trade Mark.)

In case of any difficulty in procuring genuine "Viyella" please write "Viyella," 31B, Viyella House, Newgate Street, LONDON, E.C. 1.